

The Leader.

"The one Idea which History exhibits as evermore developing itself into greater distinctness is the Idea of Humanity—the noble endeavour to throw down all the barriers erected between men by prejudice and one-sided views; and by setting aside the distinctions of Religion, Country, and Colour, to treat the whole Human race as one brotherhood, having one great object—the free development of our spiritual nature."—Humboldt's Cosmos.

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1854.

[PRICE SIXPENCE.]

News of the Week.

THREE facts in relation to the war stand out with prominence sufficient to create great interest. The expedition for Sebastopol has departed from Varna, and must now be in the Crimea; Russia has refused to accept the conditions offered by Austria as a basis for negotiation; and Austria has declined to consider the Russian refusal a *casus belli*.

Dealing with the diplomatic facts first, let us estimate their import. It will be remembered that on the 10th of August Austria forwarded a note to the Court of St. Petersburg containing the conditions set forth in the identic notes exchanged, on the 8th of August, between Austria and the Western Powers. Three days after Prussia sent a note also; weakly supporting the former Austrian demand, and, were sentimentally diplomatic, we should say pathetically appealing to the Emperor Nicholas to be good enough at least to say that he would negotiate. To that demand and this appeal the Russian answered "No." At Vienna and Putbus the significant monosyllable was uttered nearly on the same day. The Prussian Court at Putbus was put in commotion—leading, doubtless, to great demands on the champagne cases. The Austrian Emperor summoned his council, and they determined, it seems, not to regard the Russian refusal as a *casus belli*. It is not for us to decide upon the policy of Austria in this war. She has purely Austrian objects in view; and a mortal fear of revolution at her heart. Herbert she has limited her action to securing the Danube, and the notes of the 8th August, go no further than to bind her to do certain things, should the Russians not evacuate the Principalities. In refusing to take the answer as a *casus belli*, Austria seems actuated by two motives—a desire to give the Russians time to escape from Austria's advancing soldiers; and an equally strong wish to await the opinion of the German Diet before taking such a decided step as a declaration of war. The position now taken up by Austria is this: she occupies the Principalities, in "an attitude of armed neutrality;" setting the Turkish army free to attack the Russians; the allies free to assail the Crimea; and standing herself armed in the path, blocking out the Russians for the future.

In other respects the war is at a stand, except in the Crimea. The Turks have pressed on towards Moldavia, they menace Braila and Galatz,

and may enter Bessarabia, if they are required to do so. On the other hand, the Russians have not quitted Moldavia, and it still remains to be seen whether they intend to do so or not. All eyes are bent upon Sebastopol; but we warn the public that they must not expect early news of its fall. From Asia, the fuller accounts of the battles of Bayazet and Kurokdere only confirm the stories of the terrible disasters inflicted on the Turks. Indeed, it is stated that the combat was decisive, and the retreat from the field a rout. Zarif Pasha was superseded, and either General Guyon or Ismail Pasha will succeed him in command; while Colonel Williams, on the part of England, goes as a military commissioner. The sum of all is, as we stated last week, that Russia wins the campaign.

The meetings of potentates at Boulogne and Calais have teased public curiosity. King Leopold renewed his acquaintance with Louis Napoleon, now an Emperor; the King of Portugal paid a rapid visit to the favourite of fortune; and Prince Albert, with a striking train, the Minister of War, the Commander-in-Chief, the Adjutant-General, the veteran Lord Seaton, and a host of officers, arrived at Boulogne on Tuesday to stay for the week. Much has been written on the courtesies interchanged between the Emperor and the Consort of his great ally,—the cordial grasp, the frank language, the high-bred attention; and as much almost about the rougher courtesies prevailing among the men of the Hundred Guards and Corporal Sutton and his Life Guards. The real significance of the meeting, however, is not in this outward show of high life, but in the great fact that it is a military and political conference. What has been decided?

Denmark is engaged in defending its constitution from a royal *coup d'état*, and in a very British fashion—that is, by a national "Society"—a League, and a big subscription. The illegal constitution ordained last July by the Oersted Ministry, gives simply a consultative power to a Council of State nominees. The promulgation of this edict, no less than its character, is eminently unconstitutional; and the whole nation is unanimous for backing the Parliament, should Parliament, as is anticipated, impeach the Ministers and refuse the taxes. This steady British fashion of dealing with obstreperous Ministers and maundering monarchs, strangely contrasts with the fiercer fashions of Spain. There, the army, and not the people, makes the revolutions; the general, not the statesman, is

the man who assails despotism. It is a pity the Spaniard cannot infuse a little of his fire into the Scandinavian, and the latter a little of his steady will and plodding perseverance into the Spaniard. However, having got rid of Queen Christina, and having seized her effects, the Spanish Government seems likely to succeed in maintaining order until the Constituent Cortes assembles to relieve it of some of the responsibility.

At home the Cholera makes awful strides onwards. The rate of the increase last week over the week before is one-half as many again. The new Board of Health has at least shown a commendable activity in advising and suggesting means of meeting the evil. A Medical Council has been appointed, composed of the best known men in the profession, and it held its first meeting on Wednesday. It must be obvious to all that the Board of Health can confer a great benefit on the country by acquiring and diffusing the fullest possible information, not only as to the state of the atmosphere, and the causes thereof—not only by keeping a register of all fatal cases—but by recording cases of recovery as well. And this week the new Medical Council calls upon the medical profession of the metropolis and country to co-operate.

Most of the Ministers are recreating in the rural districts. Lord John Russell is especially locomotive; now in Kendal, now in Skiddaw, now in "Mr. Whyte's theatre," listening to "She Stoops to Conquer;" now at Killarney, and everywhere sowing small seeds of possible and imbecile popularity. Mr. Sidney Herbert has been fitting the school-children of Wilton, and engaging in their games—a strong contrast to the duties of the Secretary at War. The Duke of Newcastle has been at Boulogne. But Lord Aberdeen, grim, silent, and conscientious, remains constantly at the head-quarters of affairs.

The middle classes of London, the weavers of Nottingham and the labourers of Aylesbury, are rioting against the bakers;—in Nottingham they break into the bakers' shops, in London they break out in the columns of the *Times* in silly complaints. The fact is, the price of bread is pretty generally too high as compared to the price of grain. The bakers seem to have made a mistake in laying in stocks in anticipation of a rise; and the rapid fall of the price of grain has caught them with stocks of high-priced wheat unconsumed. Whence, the madness—utter madness—of the mobs.

Another riot of a more regular character—that

of the publicans against the *Morning Advertiser*, apropos of the Beer Bill—promises to be a revolution. This week the agitators met in Drury-lane Theatre, and were resolved to put an end to the editorial blundering of the journal; they cannot altogether get rid of.

Perry's case has at length been settled by the Horse Guards. Perry is acquitted of one, and found guilty of three other charges; sentenced to be dismissed the service, but permitted to sell his commission. Greer is dismissed the service, not by the Court-martial, but by the Commander-in-Chief, and also allowed to sell his commission. These sentences have excited the disgust of the public; and a large sum has already been subscribed for the benefit of Perry. But the scandals of Windsor and Weedon, and the injustice perpetrated upon Perry—do they fit in very well with our self-assumed mission of sending a whole army of these heroes to defend "civilisation" in the East?

THE COURT.

PRINCE ALBERT is to be back at Osborne to-day; and immediately the Court will proceed to Balmoral.

The Earl of Aberdeen has been staying with her Majesty this week.

"THE WAR."

MARSHALL ST. ARNAUD had issued an order of the day, dated Varna, August 25, acquainting the troops that the destination of the expedition was the Crimea; and that the duty of the allied forces would be to take Sebastopol as a pledge of peace. The flags of the three Powers, says the order, will soon be greeted on the walls of Sebastopol with cries of "Vive l'Empereur!"

Vienna, Wednesday Evening.

A Cabinet Council was held to-day, at which the Emperor Francis Joseph presided.

It was decided that the rejection by Russia of the guarantees required by the Western Powers, through Austria, does not amount to a *casus belli*.

Austria, however, will persevere in supporting the said guarantees, as necessary for the restoration of peace, and for the maintenance of the balance of power; and in the meantime she will await the result of the operations undertaken by the allied Powers against Sebastopol.

Austria, for the present, is satisfied with having maintained a strict neutrality.

Berlin, Tuesday.

Russia rejects the four propositions made by Austria, retires behind the Pruthi, and then awaits any hostile attacks or pacific overtures.

General Guyon (Kurschid Pasha) is appointed Commander-in-Chief of the army of Asia.

The Russian prisoners taken at Bomarsund have arrived in England by the *Terzagant*, the *Valorous*, and the *Dauntless* war-steamer. The Russians, men and officers, were allowed to bring their wives with them.

"It looked strange to see these unwonted occupants of a grim man-of-war clustered on a portion of the main deck set apart for their use—one dividing her attention between a pair of very young children, apparently twins, and none showing any signs of depression. They were all plainly but neatly dressed, the majority having coloured kerchiefs bound round their heads, and otherwise resembling the Bavarian broom-sellers who find their way to this country. Jack owes them on the voyage home the luxury of having his clothes well washed, and he has evinced his gratitude by attentions kept strictly within the bounds of decorum as well as discipline."

The same writer says:—

"If the prisoners from Bomarsund are to be considered average specimens of the Russian troops, we need not despair as to the fortunes of the present war. Making every allowance for the circumstances attending their arrival, they have that expressed in their dull submissive faces which cannot conquer in an aggressive war. A more civilised race of soldiers would not, perhaps, have shown the cheerfulness under adversity which they exhibited. As they left the *Terzagant* to go on board the *Devonshire* they smoked their pipes and chatted gaily to each other. The sick were carried out in blankets and laid on the deck of the steam-tender employed on the occasion without any apparent display of sympathy, and to one poor young fellow who, in a state of great exhaustion fell prostrate, the only attention shown by his comrades was that of pushing a knapsack under his head. English or French troops would probably have shown more feeling. But such facts are not mentioned as a re-

proach. Sensibility of mind is a necessary accompaniment of superior intelligence, and it is fortunate that men who have to endure most harden in the process to bear it. The Russian officers on board the *Terzagant* took no active part in the removal of the men to the *Devonshire*. They appeared to be well educated and well-mannered."

A question arises—how to deal with these prisoners. The leading journal, in a highly sentimental article, recommends implacable politeness. The Minister of War decides one thing at once:—

"The scale of victualling the Russian prisoners of war on their arrival is to be two-thirds of A.B. allowance, except in bread, which is to be served out to them in full allowance—viz., 1 lb. of biscuit or 14 lb. of soft bread. Their articles of weekly food will be as follows:—Biscuit or soft bread, sugar, tea or chocolate, oatmeal, mustard, pepper, vinegar, fresh meat daily (when it can be procured), or fresh vegetables, salt pork or salt beef, peas, flour, suet, and currants or raisins, when fresh meat cannot be procured. There are at present only three Russian fishermen on board the *Devonshire*, and they express themselves highly satisfied with their rations. They declare they eat more meat in one week where they now are than they could obtain in one month when they were at home at their avocation as fishermen, and they would be truly happy to have their families to share their present fare with them. Stores of every description for the purposes of cleanliness, such as wash-tubs, soap, towels, &c., will be liberally served out to each man, also mess-traps for use."

THE CONQUEROR'S ENTRY INTO BUCHAREST.

The arrival of Omar Pasha in Bucharest to-day caused an unusual excitement, and there were few of the inhabitants, whether male or female, who did not try to get a glimpse of the Commander of the Ottoman forces. He was received at the barrier by the Minister of the Interior, who is President of the Council of Administration by which the Government of Wallachia is now carried on; Sadik Pasha, Military Governor of Bucharest; a number of civil and military officials; and the troops were also present. After a short reception in a tent which was prepared, Omar Pasha entered the carriage of the Minister of the Interior, and proceeded through the town. Great enthusiasm was displayed on the occasion, the gentlemen in the streets waving their hats, while the ladies, who filled every window on the route through which he was to pass, had all of them bouquets and garlands, which they threw into the carriage. The procession was headed by a troop of Dorabans, or mounted police, who carry lances, and a small party of Turkish cavalry; behind the carriage rode a cavalcade, in which a most extraordinary variety of uniforms might be distinguished. Officers of cavalry, infantry, staff, artillery, and engineers, belonging to the English, French, Turkish, Sardinian, and Wallachian armies, formed the *cortege*, which was followed by crowds of civilians in carriages and on horseback. Omar Pasha's handsome countenance and figure were well set off by the splendid uniform and numerous stars and medals which he wore. After passing through the principal streets he went to a country house about a mile outside Bucharest. The road lay through the site of what had been a Russian camp three weeks ago, and the square trenches dug round their peculiarly shaped tents were still easily distinguishable. After remaining inside for a couple of hours, during which time the leading inhabitants of Bucharest paid their respects, he reviewed the Turkish and Wallachian troops.—*Times Correspondent*.

BOULOGNE.—THE CAMP AND THE FESTIVITIES.

We subjoin, from the correspondence of our contemporaries, some interesting details relative to the week at Boulogne.

The Emperor, accompanied by his illustrious visitors, the King of the Belgians and the Duke de Brabant, arrived at Boulogne from Calais at a quarter past ten o'clock on Sunday morning. The Royal party, who travelled in an open carriage, escorted by a detachment of the Imperial Guards, were received with acclamations on their way to the Emperor's hotel at Capécure. After partaking of some refreshment, the Emperor conducted the King and Prince to the site of the *bassin flottant* which it is proposed to construct. It was intended that their Majesties should assist at the celebration of a grand military mass at the camp; but the heat was so excessive that the order for the Royal carriages was countermanded, and the Royal party remained at the Imperial hotel until the King of the Belgians set out on his departure for Ostend.

On Monday evening the Emperor, accompanied by his old friend and present aide-de-camp, Col. Fleury, promenaded for nearly an hour along the quay and jetties. The Emperor and his companion were in plain clothes, and they mixed among the crowds unrecognised by the main body of the visitors. An Englishman who recognised the Emperor raised his hat as he passed; but the Emperor, addressing him in an under tone of voice, begged that he would not pay him that mark of respect, as it might lead to his being generally recognised and followed by a crowd. The Emperor stood and listened for some time to the performance of two young men on the violin, whose talents would probably have been somewhat less displayed had they known that they were honoured by performing before his Majesty. After walking on the pier for nearly an hour, the fact of the Emperor's presence became partially known, and notwithstanding the evident desire to remain incognito, some score of the

representatives of Young France—whose mission it appears to be to wear white hats with huge brims, and to emulate in all matters disagreeable the "fast" young men upon the other side of the Channel—formed themselves into an unwelcome body-guard, and clouded the Emperor with the fragrant incense of the fumes of their cheap but wretched cigars.

On Tuesday morning Prince Albert arrived at Boulogne. The Emperor came down to the Quai, accompanied by the indispensable Colonel Fleury, and alighting from his carriage awaited his royal visitor on foot. The yacht came slowly alongside, the band of the Guides struck up "God save the Queen," and the people gave a cheer which showed the rapid improvement, a more intimate acquaintance with their English allies, is effecting in their vocal demonstrations. Considering that the people were French, and that the thermometer stood at about 100 deg., the effect was surprisingly effective. Prince Albert stood on the deck in field-marshal's uniform, and surrounded by Lords Cowley and Hardinge, the Duke of Newcastle, Colonel Phipps, and the remainder of his suite. His Royal Highness looked exceedingly well, and bowed and smiled repeatedly in acknowledgment of the hearty welcome with which he was received. The curiosity now became intense to see the manner in which the meeting between the Emperor and the Prince would be arranged, but to more experienced eyes it became apparent on both sides that it was to be a struggle of condescension, each seeking to outdo the other in the frankness and cordiality of their greeting. Since the famous meeting on the "field of the cloth of gold" there had hardly been so interesting an interview between the representatives of the two mighty nations. A splendid "gangway" carpeted with scarlet cloth, and ornamented with velvet and gold, had been prepared, and as the sailors ran it into its place, the Prince followed one end and the Emperor the other, evidently with the intention of rushing up or down, as the case might be, the moment it was properly placed. The Prince, however, showed the greater activity, and running briskly down the plank, was received at the termination by the Emperor who, with one hand on the rail, held out the other for a frank English shake-hands, which was given on both sides with the greatest fervour and cordiality. At the carriage door the Prince gave way to the Emperor, but the latter was not to be outdone in politeness, and insisted on his visitor's entering first. The Prince then sat down on the left-hand side, but the Emperor again intimated that he should take the right, and all these little struggles of courtesy having been arranged, the party drove off to the Hotel Brighton. On the departure of the Imperial cortege a general rush was made by the public to get on board the royal yacht, but the curions were informed that she could not be seen until ten o'clock to-morrow, and every one departed quite satisfied and delighted at the idea of the promised treat.

At the Hotel Brighton the gates were of course closed to all but the Prince and his suite, but it is satisfactory to be enabled to state, on excellent authority, that a splendid breakfast was in readiness for the visitors, who so debilitated the recent sea voyage made peculiarly acceptable. The Garde Impériale protected every entrance, and the Cent Garde (dismounted) lined the vestibule. Some of our Life Guards were amongst the crowd, and Corporal Sutton, the Commander-in-Chief of the British army in France, was more than once mistaken for "Un General Anglais." It appears that on the preceding evening this now distinguished warrior had been giving his French friends of the Cent Garde a specimen of that dexterity with the sword which had often enabled him to cut a sheep in two, at the gladiatorial exhibitions of Saville House. The British cavalry were on this occasion dining with their friends, the Cent Garde, at their magnificent quarters, "The Chateau," and his Majesty the Emperor hearing of the party sent thirty bottles of champagne to give the necessary vivacity to the entertainment. After dinner and "the usual loyal toasts," toasts of arms and of martial prowess became naturally the topic of conversation, and the British Commander-in-Chief volunteered to cut a bar of lead in two with his sword. The Frenchmen were astonished at the proposal, but much more so when they saw the deed actually done, and the strongest and most powerful of their own body was selected to try a similar cut. But, alas! though strong and valourous withal, he had not cut sheep in two at Saville House, and so, after about a dozen desperate cuts, he was obliged to give up the task in tears and perspiration. Then the bar was examined and a fracture was found, but Corporal Sutton repeated the stroke, suggesting at the same time the possibility of cutting a small waisted man in two in a similar manner. "Truth is stranger than fiction." Here was the celebrated trial of skill between Richard Cœur de Lion and Saladin in the "Talisman," enacted over again by a corporal in the Life Guards and a French heavy dragoon, and excited quite as much interest in the spectators. The Frenchmen, although behaving with all their usual politeness and good humour, would evidently have been better pleased that their comrade had cut the bar, and a little English midshipman who was present implored his countrymen, with tears in his eyes, not to make the second attempt if he was not quite sure of his hand, lest the national character should be imperilled by the failure of Corporal Sutton, of her Britannic Majesty's Life Guards. It is pleasing to have to add that this little episode did not interrupt friendly communications, but that Corporal Sutton, having good naturedly attributed his success more to sleight of hand and practice than strength, the Emperor's excellent champagne was finished in the most amicable manner imaginable.

On Wednesday, his Majesty the Emperor and his Royal Highness Prince Albert reviewed the troops in the Place Bruyeres, at St. Omer. The review was a most brilliant spectacle, and the royal party were received with great cheering by a large crowd. All the French generals were presented to Prince Albert, who, in addressing them, expressed great satisfaction at the appearance and discipline of the troops, and his hope for a continued *entente cordiale* between the two nations. The royal party then returned to Boulogne. Prince Albert is to be back at Osborne to-day.

OUR CIVILISATION.

At the Marylebone Police Court, a plasterer named George Long was charged with a violent and unprovoked assault upon Eliza Stewart. The facts as stated by the complainant, were as follows:

Complainant deposed that on Saturday night last, as she was passing along Stratford-street, Lisson-grove, she was accosted by the prisoner, who wished her to accompany him to a house in the neighbourhood; she refused, upon which he immediately gave her a tremendous blow on the face; she fell to the ground, where she remained for a time almost senseless, and when she in some measure recovered she found that two of her teeth had been knocked completely out, and a third loosened. The prisoner, after thus ill-using her, made his escape.

The facts were proved in evidence, and the prisoner was committed to hard labour for three months.

At the same court, a labourer, Timothy Lee, was found guilty of an assault and robbery on Ann Smith.

A curious case was tried at Westminster. It teaches foreigners to beware how they accost "fashionable and genteel-looking women."

Mary Edwards, an Italian courier, was charged with stealing 4*l.* 10*s.*

A fashionably attired, genteel-looking woman, about 30 years of age, not possessing any great personal attractions, who described herself as Mrs. Jane Skirving, stated that her husband was in Canada, where she was about to join him. On Saturday morning, between 11 and 12 o'clock, she made some purchases at Covent-garden-market, and was about to return to her residence at 7, Royal Avenue-terrace, Chelsea, when the prisoner accosted her, observing, "that it was a nice morning." She replied that it was, and she walked by her side, chatting to her, through St. James's Park, in the course of which she happened to say that she had a letter to post. Prisoner said, he should have much pleasure in doing so for her, but as it had not a Queen's head on it he walked with her to her house in order that that deficiency might be supplied.

Having arrived there, she gave him the postage stamp, and while he was putting it on the letter she had occasion to leave the room, her purse being at the time upon the table, containing four sovereigns and a half and some silver. Upon her return he put on his hat and left the house, and immediately afterwards she missed 4*l.* 10*s.* from her purse, money which she had sent to her to go to Scotland. Prior to his departure, prisoner had written down his address—411, Stanhope-street, St. Martin's-lane, and she immediately sent for a cab, and accompanied by her landlady, went in quest of him. She could not find any "Stanhope-street, St. Martin's-lane," and was walking through St. Martin's-court when she saw the prisoner in a tavern, laughing and joking with some other men. She immediately called him, when he came, and she asked him for the money he had taken out of her purse. He gave her 1*l.* 17*s.*, repeated her not to say anything, and invited her to accompany him to the house of a friend in Pall-mall to get the remainder of the money. He then got into her cab, and upon their stopping at 13, Pall-mall, wanted to go into the house alone, but she insisted upon accompanying him. He knocked at the door, but the gentleman for whom he inquired was not within, and they returned to the cab, when her landlady, who was with them, seeing a policeman, called him, and she gave prisoner in charge.

The prisoner, however, gave a very different version of the story.

The prisoner, in broken English, said, that he saw "the gentle lady looking at him lovingly," and approached her with "a good morning," when she condescended to accept his arm, and he felt great happiness in walking by her side. She said she was going home, and asked him if he would come with her; and he was delighted, and said "Yes;" and she offered him some pears in a bag, but he would not have them because of the cholera. She called at 5, Pantons-court, Haymarket, and asked him to wait a little outside the door, and when she came out she said she had given the pears to some little children. They then walked in the park, and she told him that she had much desire to learn foreign languages, and he said he would teach her. Then he went to her house, where she came and sat upon his knee, and began to kiss him and invited him to bed—they went. He asked her what present he should make her, and she said five guineas, and he said he would let that be for a little while. After stopping there an hour and a-half he wanted to go into the fresh air, when he offered her 10*s.*, but she insisted upon having five guineas, and called the landlady and a man up, who said he must give it. He told them she was not worth it, her clothes and all. Then they all pulled and dragged him about, and somebody took two florins out of his waistcoat pocket, and he then said, if they wanted more money they must come with him to his lodgings in St. Martin's-court, and then they all got into the cab to go there, and as he did not want to have a disturbance he went to try and get the money they wanted.

In cross-examination, Mrs. Skirving contradicted her previous statement, was distinctly proved to have sworn falsely on some points, but persisted in charging the prisoner with having robbed her. Mr. Bowdler took bail for the accused's appearance on a future day, in order to give the police time to make the most searching inquiries into the character of Mrs. Skirving and the house where she resided.

A middle-aged man, of highly respectable appearance, who gave the name of Frederick Ferman, and described himself as of 84, Abchurch-lane, Regent-square, no occupation; and Mrs. Amelia Parsons, a tall and well-dressed woman, who was described as a "respectable married woman, residing at 84, Chester-street, Kennington," were charged with creating a disturbance in St. Mary's-square, Lambeth, and also making use of disgusting language, at 12 o'clock on

Saturday night last. The male prisoner was further charged with being drunk.

The charges were proved, and the prisoners were fined 10*s.* each. They paid the fine and left the court, the lady exclaiming: "Good God! what will my husband think of this?" What indeed?

Joseph Hart, potman at the Duke of Suffolk, in Walworth, was charged with attempting to strangle Elizabeth Bud, a fellow-servant, and then with attempting to hang himself. Hart had formed an attachment to Elizabeth Bud, who was engaged to some one else. He thought to revenge himself in the manner above described.

On Friday evening, while passing through the kitchen, the prisoner suddenly seized her by the throat, and attempted to strangle her, which he would have succeeded in doing had not Louisa Thomason, the barmaid, accidentally come in and rescued her. She was then so far gone, from the effect of strangulation, that she fell exhausted. The prisoner made his way into the skittle-ground, and, being suspicious that he meditated something against himself, the barmaid went there, taking a knife with her in her hand. She saw Hart suspended by the neck by a rope from the beam, and she instantly cut him down, but the rope was so tight round his neck that she had to cut that. He then appeared lifeless, but she ran and got some water and sprinkled it over his face, and gave an alarm, by which time the prisoner exhibited signs of returning animation, and he subsequently recovered, and was given into custody. Both the prisoner and his intended victim bore the highest character with their employers, and the magistrate having complimented the barmaid on her courage and discretion, the prisoner, in defence, said he could not account for his conduct in any other way than that he had been drinking rum all day with a young man who was going to sea, and he was truly sorry for what he had done. On the solemn promise of the prisoner not to repeat such an offence, the magistrate consented to his discharge. The prisoner seemed deeply penitent.

At Salisbury, Mary Ann Napper, of Trowbridge, and James Napper, her son, were remanded by the coroner to Devises Gaol, until Tuesday next, on a charge of killing her husband, on Thursday sennight. It appeared from the evidence that the prisoner James Napper had, on Wednesday, quarrelled with his brother, who has lately returned home from transportation. The father interfered to separate them, and incurred the displeasure of the prisoner by striking him. On Thursday evening, whilst at the Bear Inn drinking together, some altercation took place, when the male prisoner struck his father, knocked him down, and kicked him severely. The wife then fell upon her husband, taking hold of him by the hair and repeatedly striking his head on the stone floor, swearing she would slaughter him. They all three left the Bear and went towards home, and the deceased when a few yards from the house staggered and fell, and was afterwards taken home, and died on Friday morning, about six o'clock, from the effects of the blows and kicks he had received. The deceased was tried about 15 years ago for the murder of a man who had excited his jealousy by keeping his wife's company. He was acquitted in consequence of a flaw in the indictment.

Here is an illustration of "Morality in High Life."

A correspondent at Dorking writes that a most painful feeling has been caused in that neighbourhood by some disclosures of appalling profligacy, committed under the roof of the Hon. and Rev. A. Sugden (son of Lord St. Leonards), rector of Newdigate. The facts have been under magisterial investigation, and three persons, viz., George Elton, 17 years of age, a connexion of the rev. gentleman by marriage; George Elphick, aged 21, a groom, residing in the house, and Maria Fen, the cook, are under remand. The evidence of the prosecutrix, Elizabeth Cowley, aged 16, which is to a large extent supported by the admission of Elphick, shows that on Sunday night, the 13th ult., while the girl, who is housemaid, was in bed with the cook, and presumably under her protection, the apartment was entered by the two male defendants, the younger of whom committed a capital offence on the girl, with the concurrence and active aid of her fellow-servants, the cook and the groom. Elphick then took the cook to his own room, and afterwards returning to the girl's chamber repeated Elton's crime. The two young men and the cook are remanded, charged, the two first as principals, and the third as accessory to the offence.

The charge of perjury preferred by Madame Caradori against Mr. Benjamin Sloman has, more than once, been tried before Mr. Henry at Bow-street. The case has been again adjourned, and no new facts of interest have been elicited. Contradictory evidence has been adduced in proof on one side that Madame Caradori was responsible for at least a portion of Sloman's bill, on the other that she was not.

Several applications have been made at the different police courts for redress against Shipowners by emigrants. The worst case is that of the Jane Green, noticed last week. Many poor families are in terrible distress. They have lost their all, and are now dependant on public charity. A certain number, however, will be sent off on the Emigration Fund, by the Government Commissioners.

The Rev. Dr. Ferguson, the Roman Catholic priest, charged with the unlawful solemnization of a marriage, has been again remanded. When the complainant (quasi-wife), left the court, to be conveyed to the workhouse, she was greeted with long and loud yells from between 200 and 300 women, who

were congregated in the road, and who appeared to have been waiting for the purpose of assailing her, and there was no doubt but for the timely interference of the police they would have laid violent hands upon her.

JAMES MASSEY AND DANIEL McNULTY, FOR 200*l.*—The well-known James Massey yesterday re-appeared, after a long interval, within the roped arena, his opponent being, for a second time McNulty of Liverpool. In weight, the men were unrestricted, but in this Massey had the advantage, for while his antagonist did not quite pull down the beam at nine stone, he was full nine stone and a half; though at this weight there could be no doubt that he was much too stout. An aquatic trip had been resolved on, the Waterman No. 7 being engaged for the accommodation of the men and their friends, and after a most agreeable voyage, the lists were formed on the Kentish Marshes, Lower Hope. The veteran commissary, Tom Oliver and his assistant combatants, lost no time in making their *entrée*, Massey having behind as seconds Alec Keene and Tom Sayers, while Jerry Noon and James Hodgkins, of Birmingham, did the requisite for McNulty. In betting McNulty was the favourite at 6 to 4. By a few minutes after 3 o'clock the men walked to the scratch. The contest was commenced by Massey, in his usual fearless, resolute, and almost desperate style, and as round succeeded round, he kept dashing at his man in the same unflinching and determined manner. In almost every bout there was nothing but right down hard fighting. Massey, ever busy, was first home with the left on the head, and then following it up with the right. McNulty was on the retreat, and delivered in a manner that quickly surprised the friends of Massey; often during the contest giving Massey the uppercut in a most effective style. We shall leave to others to describe the many fluctuations that occurred in this battle. It must suffice to state that Massey proved himself to be something better than the "stale old man" many thought him, for he fought with an energy and determination that brought him through and maintained his superiority to the end. In the whole, 76 rounds were fought, occupying two hours and thirty-four minutes, when McNulty was compelled to acknowledge himself defeated.—*Morning Advertiser.*

MR. DAVID URQUHART'S BELIEF.

MR. DAVID URQUHART is intensifying his views; he now charges the Cabinet with a deliberate intention to kill off by cholera the army sent to the East. We find the following letter from him in the *Morning Advertiser*:

"Sir,—When some months ago I wrote these lines, 'I charge the Government with the deliberate purpose of exposing the troops to infection in order to be able to account thereby for their inaction,' I was astonished at your courage in inserting them. Since that period, and during two months, the correspondents of the different journals, and more especially of the *Morning Herald*, detailed the very case, showing that the ground of the encampment was selected to the utter astonishment of the whole inhabitants of the place, where no human being in his senses would ever have placed a single tent, not to say a large body of men, in a place to which the name has been given of 'The Valley of Death,' at the season of the year when malaria was commencing its ravages, in a country known to be the most dangerous upon earth, and the conditions of which had been for months incessantly occupying the solicitous attention of the military authorities. What was known to the people of the country, what was known to the correspondents of the journals, could not fail to be known to the chiefs of the army, even supposing the subject had never engaged their attention. When the consequences appear, do they move? No. From the hour of their arrival up to the present moment, or until the fortunate accident of the cholera occurred, there are the troops kept with as clear a purpose, as is that purpose of preventing them from meeting the enemy.

"I say the fortunate occurrence of the cholera—that came as a godsend. Ague was too slow a poison, and besides it did not extend to the squadron. It was an item in the chapter of accidents upon which they reckoned, and gets rid of Sebastopol.

"After all, what is there more heinous in this than in every step that they have taken; and what crime was not included as a necessary result when the complete understanding was come to to dispose of the inheritance of a 'sick man' who had to be slain?

"Now when, in addition to fever, cholera has come, the *Times* treats us to an article, or rather a succession of articles, on the insecurity of human life, and the dangers incident to war. It says on Saturday last:

"Suffering under this terrible dispensation of Providence, which appears to be as universal in its appearance amongst us as it is fatal in its effects, we are not disposed to augment the pain occasioned by these events by an attempt to impute blame to the arrangements under which they have taken place. This curse fell upon our men in a manner no foresight could avoid, and no skill prevent."

"Of course it is Providence and not policy; of course it would augment pain to impute blame to the arrangements of policy. But why impute blame, or how augment pain, when the dispensation is one 'which no foresight could avoid, and no skill prevent?' Yes, there was skill and there was foresight—skill and foresight of demons; and the writer of those atrocious lines shrinks not from the very word 'curse,' not from connecting that word with his Providence. No Englishman wrote those lines; they are the exulting sarcasm of one of a people who, like Attila, felt in the blindness and crimes of its victims, that it was a scourge in the hands of God, sent to punish the human race and to purge the earth."

Is not the Government wrong to endure, in silence, the conduct of a journal which day after day publishes a libel such as that?

RIOTS.

THERE have been, this week, some "bread-riots," at Nottingham; on Tuesday evening.

"A vast crowd of persons assembled on a piece of ground near the new baths and washhouses in one of the lower districts of the town, for the purpose of adopting some means of intimidating the bakers, in order that bread might be sold at a lower rate than is now charged. The proceedings were of course very irregular, and part of the mob, consisting principally of boys, went to a baker's named Needham, who lives near the place of meeting, and in a few moments smashed his windows. They then went to another baker's in the neighbourhood, but before they committed any violence asked him if he would lower the price of his bread. The man having answered that he would, they left his shop without doing it any injury. From this place they proceeded to Mr. Hutchinson's in Fisher-gate, smashing the bread-shop windows in the way.

"When they got to Mr. Hutchinson's (who is a Poor Law guardian) they quickly broke his windows. The crowd then went into Narrow-march, Bridlesmith-gate, Parliament-street (where they entered a baker's shop and stole a quantity of bread) breaking the windows of the various provision shops as they passed along."

This state of things continued on Wednesday; so that the Mayor found it necessary to call out the military:—

"At Radford, about a mile from the town, the mob attacked the house of Mr. Bonser, who appeared at one of the windows saying that if they did not leave the house, he should fire upon them. The crowd were not, however, intimidated, and he fired three times over their heads. Finding that they still persevered in damaging his property, he fired a charge of shot among them, and wounded several of the rioters. They soon afterwards left the premises, and visited the shops of the bakers in the neighbourhood, making tremendous havoc of the windows. Their depredations extended to Hyson-green and other villages in the neighbourhood."

Similar outrages took place in the town of Nottingham itself, but nothing serious occurred beyond the precautionary reading of the Riot Act by the authorities. The bakers shut up their shops, and refused to sell any more bread even at the mob's price. This is the most tragic incident:—

"About eight o'clock a mob went along London-road to the shop of Mr. Orme, a baker, and began the work of destruction by smashing his windows. They then returned to Mr. Hutchinson's, whose windows they had partially broken the night preceding, and again renewed the attack, making sad havoc. From this place they proceeded through Narrow-march, Leen-side, Drury-hill, and other parts of the town, smashing the windows on their way. When in Lister-gate, a body of the police strove to capture some of them. An inspector succeeded in making a prisoner, when a tremendous volley of boulders, bricks, &c., were hurled at him; he for some time kept his prize, but was ultimately overpowered, and the prisoner was rescued. The police made use of their staves, and afterwards made some captures. A desperate gang passed towards Drury-hill, for the purpose of parading that narrow locality. The police here interfered, and succeeded in blocking up the hill at both ends."

At Aylesbury there has been "a commotion" from the same cause, but nothing more. In London public indignation with the bakers has taken no more violent shape than in letters to the *Times*.

At Kidderminster some turn-outs attacked and smashed the windows of the factory of Messrs. Pardoe, Hoonan, and Pardoe. The magistrates resorted to the reading of the Riot Act, and an appeal to Lord Lyttelton, then Lord-Lieutenant of the county, who sent some of his yeomanry into the town. The result was that no more factories were attacked. The story is as follows:—

"A twelvemonth last Christmas what are termed the tapestry hands struck, and obtained 2½d. a yard for what is termed 3-4ths, instead of 2d. a yard. Some short time back the masters, alleging the depression of business, reduced the price to 2d. The men murmured, but, finding work slack and men plentiful, agreed to the reduction. Six weeks ago a new 'fabric,' called 5-8ths, was put on the looms, for which the masters would only pay a price proportionate, as to size, to that for which they paid for the 3-4ths. Against this the workmen in the employ of Messrs. Pardoe, Hoonan, and Pardoe, struck, on Monday, the 21st ult., alleging that though the 5-8ths was less in size than the 3-4ths, it was more troublesome, and required more time to work, and demanding that the same price, 2½d. per yard, should be paid for the 5-8ths as for the 3-4ths. It appeared that this price was being paid by the other firms in the town. The Messrs. Pardoe and Hoonan, after some consideration, admitted the claim; but the men emboldened by the inch conceded to them, determined to take an ell, and refused to go to work, until the half of the halfpenny which had been taken off were restored, and they were paid 2½d. a yard, both for 3-4th and 5-8ths. This the firm determinedly refused, and gave notice that unless the men returned to their work on the following Thursday, their places would be supplied with strangers. The men did not go in, and the masters combining together, the tapestry hands in the employ of Mr. Brenton and of Mr. Holmes were 'locked out' until Pardoe and Hoonan's hands returned to their work. Matters went on thus till Wednesday last, when a number of men were brought from Halifax by Messrs. Pardoe and Hoonan, and, to prevent their being interfered with, were lodged in the factory. This brought matters to a crisis, and about nine o'clock on Friday evening, after an excited meeting of the turn-outs at the George Inn, they went down to a place called 'The Slings,' adjoining Messrs. Pardoe and Hoonan's factory, broke two hundred panes of glass, and had nearly succeeded in forcing the door, when the borough police were brought in a body

to the spot, and, after great trouble and exertion, they succeeded in inducing the mob to disperse. The next morning, at a meeting of the magistrates, it was resolved to send for a reinforcement of the county police—which arrived in the course of the day—and to send to the Lord-Lieutenant of the county. On Saturday evening about a dozen more men from Halifax arrived, and were escorted from the railway station by the police to the factory. This was the signal for fresh disturbances; the riot act was read, and two of the more active rioters were apprehended; but beyond the terror which the disturbances excited they did no mischief. Lord Lyttelton and Lord Ward arrived in the town on Sunday morning, and were met by the mayor and magistrates. Portions of the Whilly, Stourbridge, Tardibridge, and one or two other troops of the county yeomanry arrived in the course of the morning. Their appearance seemed to have convinced the turn-outs that prudence was the best part of valour, for a deputation of six of their number met Mr. G. Hoonan and Mr. J. Pardoe, in the presence of Lord Ward and the Mayor, J. Kitley, Esq., at the factory, in the afternoon. At that meeting the employers declared that they would pay Crossly's prices—those paid by Mr. Crossly, who is, we understand, the patentee of the tapestry processes at which the men work—and no other; and they further declared that there were some of the men who had struck whom they would not receive back under any circumstances. This was a sore point, but the masters would not give way, and the men left upon the understanding that they were to return to their work on Monday. About eighty went in when the bell rung at nine and two o'clock, but did no work. Several deputations waited on the employers during the day to endeavour to induce them to receive all the men back, but in vain; and at a meeting of the turn-outs at Parkgate Inn, in the evening, the 'marked men' consented to their fellow-workmen resuming work, in the hope that by so doing their employers might extend mercy to all. With these sixteen exceptions, the whole of the tapestry weavers resumed work at Crossly's prices, viz., one penny and seven-eighths of a penny per yard, instead of twopenny farthing, for which they had struck, or of twopenny, which the masters at first agreed to give."

The *Northern Whig* gives the following particulars of an outbreak of religious animosity at Newtown-le-mavady:—

"We regret to hear, from a respectable correspondent, writing from Newtown-le-mavady, that a serious party collision took place in that town on Sunday. The Roman Catholic mission, which has been holding in Newtown-le-mavady for the last fortnight, terminated there on Sunday evening. After the benediction, three cheers were demanded, and given for his Holiness, &c. At this time, an antagonistic discourse was being delivered in the parish churchyard, by the Reverend George Scott. The cheering caused a great body of the hearers to withdraw in great precipitation towards the Roman Catholic chapel. A collision took place, and a good many cuts and bruises is the result. The police restored peace for a time, but during the evening the town was patrolled by a large party, and the windows of many Roman Catholics were smashed. On account of the great excitement that prevails, it is impossible to ascertain impartially the facts of this unfortunate affair."

SPAIN.

The following proclamation of Espartero places before us his position in Spain. He keeps his ground, and O'Donnell keeps him up:—

"People of Madrid, National Guards.—When the Government decided on the exile of Donna Maria Christina it did what was necessary for the good and security of our country. It conscientiously believes that the measures which accompany this arrangement suffice to insure the execution of whatever measures the Cortes may think proper to adopt in this affair."

"National Guards, People of Madrid.—With hand on heart reflect how the Government has received this question of the July revolution. The Government, loving liberty, and loyal before all things, has faithfully fulfilled its pledge to the Junta of Madrid, that Donna Maria Christina should not furtively depart either by day or by night; and has, moreover, desired, although incurring additional responsibility, to spare the Cortes a legacy most fatal to the interests of our country."

"Could a judgment of personal responsibility be wished for (making the Queen Mother responsible in person, as well as in property, for her offences—this is what is here meant), consider its dangers and its consequences; consider that it has no precedent in our history, and that the nation would regret it."

"The Spanish nation has ever been a model of sense and prudence, of valour and patriotism; and the people and the militia of Madrid have always followed its noble example."

"People of Madrid, National Guards.—Turn a deaf ear to the voice of our enemies. They seek to disunite us, because they know that otherwise we are invincible."

"Liberty, the rights of the people, the conquests we have made at the cost of so much blood and so many sacrifices, rest assured that they run no risk in the hands of a Government presided over by the victor of Luchana, and to which belongs the valiant soldier who raised at Vicalvaro the banner of freedom."

"For the Council of Ministers,

"The President,

"DUQUE DE LA VICTORIA."

"Madrid, Aug. 28."

The Ministers of France and England have complimented the Government on the firm and energetic attitude maintained by it during the recent disturbances, and have assured it of the sympathy and support of their respective Courts.

DENMARK.

The great meeting of merchants, bankers, and the trading classes, convened by the Society for Upholding the Popular Constitution of 1849, took place in the Casino, at Copenhagen, on the 29th ult. The Casino, capable of accommodating 3000 persons, was crowded, and the assembly would have been much greater but for the prohibition of open-air meetings. The chair was taken by Mr. C. Fenger, formerly one of the representatives of Copenhagen in parliament, and among the speakers were Mr. C. E. Broberg, merchant, and also a member for Copenhagen; M. Wesley, a senator; H. P. Hansen, banker; J. C. Jacobsen, a brewer, and member of parliament; F. Barfol, a member of parliament; M. Hammer, a professor; D. B. Adler and M. Dauchell, merchants; and Mr. K. Puggaard, of the firm of Puggaard and Co. The commercial and moneyed classes were never before so fully represented in any public meeting in the capital of Denmark. The proceedings were of a most business-like character.

The following were the resolutions proposed, and unanimously adopted:—

"1. We regard the method pursued by the state council, in advising the King to issue the 'orlonnance' of the 26th July last, respecting a plan for the common affairs of the Danish monarchy, to contradict not only the express assurances given by the government, but also the direct enactments of the constitution."

"2. In the directions laid down by this ordinance for the composition and arrangement of the common supreme council, and the paragraphs giving it only a consultative voice in all questions of legislation and finance, we see a denial of those principles which are essential to a free constitution, and on which our own ground-law is built."

"3. We rely on the unity and firmness of the Parliament in its contest with a ministry which can no longer pretend to the confidence of the country, after having advised for the whole state as well as for the separate state-lands, so-called constitutions, so opposed to the Danish ground-law; that they can only separate instead of uniting the people, after having hinted an interpretation of the reservation as to Schleswig, quite contrary to its real meaning, as admitted by the state-council itself on the 13th of February, 1852—an interpretation which, used as a pretext for attacking that constitution to which both king and people have solemnly sworn, may create movements whose consequences no one can foresee."

"4. As citizens of a free country, we will all do our utmost that those measures which may be adopted by the Parliament, in defending the rights of the people, shall obtain the practical and general sanction of the whole nation."

Mr. Broberg, who proposed the fourth resolution, warned the meeting that it implied their readiness to stand upon an impeachment of the ministry and the refusal of taxes, should such an extreme become necessary; but it was adopted with enthusiasm. A large sum was raised as the first portion of a fund "for supporting the patriots dismissed from office by a tyrannical cabinet for their votes in Parliament, and for the assistance of the national press against illegal and ruinous prosecutions." Mr. Adler, who proposed it, gave a thousand Danish dollars.

PUBLIC OPINION IN SWEDEN.

Hamburg, Sept. 3.

Letters from Copenhagen of the 1st inst. describe the state of that capital as little reassuring with reference to the preservation of public tranquillity. All minds are daily over-excited by the articles of a great number of opposition journals, whose language has at no time been so strong as at the present moment. The success and influence of the National Association for the Preservation of the Democratic Constitution of 1849 contribute, perhaps, in a large measure to keep up and foster the popular animosity against the present Ministry. It was assured that, in the lapse of three days, 30,000 thalers (about 3600*l.*) had already been subscribed in favour of the employees dismissed for their attachment to the Constitution. Whatever it may be, it is reasonable to admit that, without the presence at Copenhagen of the army, on whose devotedness the Government seems to be able to rely, serious disturbances would already have broken out among the population."

Meanwhile, the language of the opposition journals in Sweden has been visibly modified as to the war against Russia. You know with what animus and vivacity they, in the beginning of the crisis, urged on the Government to take an immediate and active part therein; now, in pretence of the wisdom and of the unflinching prudence of the king, that warlike language becomes daily more moderate. They are contented with expressing the hope that, by this time next year, the Swedish Government will no longer turn a deaf ear to the request of the two Western Powers for placing, on the opening of the second campaign, its fleet and army at their disposal, in order to reconquer for her, by means of arms, the former Grand-Duchy of Finland."

AMERICA.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Times*, writing from Newport, the fashionable watering place, says:—

"Newport is a favourite resort for wealthy Cubans, of whom there are many here at present. I have been surprised to find how universal is the desire for annexation. They are alarmed at the manifestations against their slave property, and hope for safety under the institutions of the United States. Filibustering expeditions are also openly spoken of as in progress, and the number of men, stands of arms, and even day of sailing, indicated. In the latter, however, the Cubans do not seem to participate. The news of the appointment of General Concha is received by the Cubans with great favour. They regard him as an honest man who understands the feelings of the island. The impression also prevails that all the Government projects for annexation will be checked by it for the present."

CONTINENTAL NOTES.

RUSSIAN FAITH.—At Brailow, the Russians wanted a Wallachian regiment to accompany their army to Russia, which they positively refused to do. "Well," said the Russian General, "then to-morrow come out for a farewell review with my troops." When the review was over the Wallachians were told to pile arms and partake of a dinner which was prepared for them in company with the Russians; returning, they found all their arms gone, and in addition they were ordered to give up their pouches and belts, an order which no means now remained for resisting. Most of them had the uniform buttons cut off their coats. This proceeding has caused a great deal of indignation among the Wallachians, and especially among the troops. They say that the Russians are going away without any expectation of returning, and do not care now what the Wallachians think of them.

According to the *Suabian Mercury*, M. de Brunow has taken a large house at Darmstadt, and intends passing the winter at that place. It has been frequently remarked with surprise that neither M. de Brunow nor M. de Kisseleff should have returned to St. Petersburg. Whether this proceeds from disgrace or diplomatic art no one knows.

DR. COHN AT CONSTANTINOPLE.—Dr. Cohn, the president of the Israelite Consistorial Committee of Paris, had an audience of the Sultan on the 21st ult., in the Palace of Chiragan, in which his Majesty declared that all privileges and immunities hitherto granted to the Christians were to be extended also to the Jews of Turkey, "for that the paternal heart of his Majesty would never suffer the slightest difference to exist between the rijahs (non-Musulman subjects) of his empire." The Sultan added: "My heart is vast, and comprises in its love all my subjects equally." M. Cohn was afterwards requested to explain to the Sultan the nature of the establishments of public instruction he had founded at Jerusalem. When he spoke of the Israelite school that was to be opened at Jerusalem, the Sultan interrupted him, saying: "You have the welfare of my subjects in view." The Sultan afterwards consented to raise the number of Jewish pupils at the military school of Kumbur Chana to forty, two of whom to be sent annually to Paris, or to some other capital of Europe, to complete their studies. When Dr. Cohn pronounced the Jewish benediction prescribed in the presence of monarchs, the Sultan's eyes were seen to fill with tears. He thanked M. Cohn, and said: "When you return to Constantinople you shall find your brethren in a better condition, I promise you." Ferid Efdi, who had introduced Dr. Cohn, said to him afterwards: "I am happy I have been present at this audience; I never saw the Sultan so affected before." Dr. Cohn was on the same day received by Said Pacha, who likewise conceded all his requests in favour of the Jews of Egypt.

RATIONS FOR DEAD SOLDIERS.—A medical correspondent at Bucharest speaks as follows of the Russian hospital system:—"The number of Russian sick and dead was always great. Every patient who entered the hospital was considered a lost man. This persuasion did not arise from a knowledge of the careless treatment of the patients, or of their abominable food, but from the circumstance of there being a magazine for the dead in the rayon of each hospital. This is a necessary appendix to a Russian military hospital, because the dead are not buried separately. The corpses are carried to a room, stable, or warehouse, and, according to the size of the place, lie there six, eight, or ten days, until it is full. The cause of this custom is not a little singular. The director of the military hospital charges the State for the food, medicine, &c., of the defunct soldier up to the day, not of his death, but of his burial, when he is officially struck off the list."

OFFICERS AND GENTLEMEN.

The "Perry case" has concluded in this way: Lieut. Perry, acquitted on one charge and found guilty on others, is dismissed from the service, but in consideration of the services of his father, is allowed to sell his commission. Lieut. Greer is acquitted, but ordered to sell out. Lieut. Waldy, who so conveniently forgot so many memorable things, is severely reprimanded.

The *Morning Advertiser* says:—

"Nothing can exceed the amount of excitement which prevails in military circles because of the late verdict in Lieut. Perry's case, particularly as Major-General Wetherall, the acting Adjutant-General, was the prosecutor. Colonel Garrett, the commanding officer of the regiment, is now a member of the United Service Club, but is not likely long to be so."

WAR FINANCE.

(From the *Manchester Examiner*.)

HERE lies the principal source of future danger to the commercial prosperity which is now opening upon us. The war taxes already imposed by our Government amount to more than 10,000,000*l.* annually. This sum exceeds by more than 1,000,000*l.* sterling the whole amount of dividends payable upon the 280,000,000*l.* of capital sunk in our railways. What the balance of the expenditure may prove over and above this sum by the time Parliament meets next session, nobody can conjecture; but if more money is required it will probably have to be raised by loan. Should, however, the necessities of our Government not compel them to compete with our merchants and manufacturers in the money market during the war, it is quite certain that sooner or later the available resources of this country will be most seriously competed for by the other Governments of Europe. The disasters of this war will, in a commercial point of view, be felt much more at its close than during actual hostilities. The longer it lasts the more severe will be the pressure; for it is self-evident that all these Governments must extricate themselves finally from their financial embarrassments by loans, and these loans will be chiefly obtained in England. That floating capital which forms the labour fund of our artisans, and provides the current means for conducting our commercial exchanges at home and abroad, will ultimately have to sustain the chief if not the whole cost of the war, however or by whomsoever incurred; and it is this fact which looms in the distance, and which constitutes the only dark cloud that threatens the otherwise bright prospects before us. When we lend money to governments, we lend capital that disappears for ever; it has been spent and destroyed; nothing remains of it but the claim to a certain rate of interest out of the taxes of the state which gives the paper bonds. On the other hand, the available capital of this country for all reproductive purposes, industrial or commercial, will be diminished to the full extent of such loans, and the country will be poorer by the whole amount they represent; for the interest receivable by the bondholders is not returned out of any profits created by the use of this capital, but is paid by taxes directly levied on the subjects of the borrowing state. In a commercial point of view, the war with Russia is not so much directly as indirectly likely to interfere with our prosperity; its future results on the money market and floating capital of this country are of far more importance than even the 11,000,000*l.* of annual taxation imposed to cover the estimated cost of our own share in it. We shall have to provide, not for our own expenses only, but for all the indefinite liabilities which the other powers will have to meet, when the war is over, by borrowing British capital. A good harvest and good trade will be great blessings; but a large share of the prosperity they promise will serve no better purpose than to balance the cost, and conceal without mitigating the miseries of war.

THE ARMY THAT IS DEFENDING CIVILISATION.

THE *Times* is very uncouth when it begins to be candid about the civilisation, of which it is the leading journal. Here is its coarse character of the officers of the British army:—

"Lord Hardinge will, no doubt, receive plenty of suggestions from official persons upon the subject, but, if it may help to guide him in his decision, we can tell him once for all what is believed at well-nigh every dinner-table and in every private dwelling upon this most humiliating subject. It is generally believed that a spirit of profligacy and debauchery exists at the present moment among too many of the regiments in the Queen's service—we are speaking, of course, only of the officers—and that in the various barracks scenes are tolerated which, out of barracks and barracks society, would insure at once exclusion from any respectable family to all participants in them. Drunkenness prevails, young women are debauched, common strumpets are brought into the barracks before the faces of the private soldiers, who may, on the very next day, be put under arrest for the slightest disrespect to the officers who so little respect themselves. It is believed that a system of oppression and exclusion in many regiments is organised against any officer, especially any young officer, who will not share in the shameful follies of his companions. It is believed that night after night scenes of riot and violence prevail, such as those of which we have heard so much in the late revelations of the condition of the 46th Regiment."

A WAR INCIDENT.

THE following is an extract from a letter, written on board the *Asmodée*, by a French officer, who was present at the taking of Bomarsund:—

"At four o'clock we were signalled to approach the fortress to take on board the prisoners of war. . . . We had on board during two hours 250 prisoners. When we saw the aspect of these poor wretches, many of whom were wounded, and all in a most pitiable plight, the 'horrors of war' appeared to us in the fullest sense of the expression. Several of the officers spoke French, and they confessed to us how completely they were disconcerted by the attack from the ships. Cannon balls rained upon them, and the ships were so placed that they could not return a shot. The wives and children of the prisoners (for many of the Russian soldiers are married and have families) came on board afterwards. The leave-takings were most distressing, but the despairing cries of the women who did not find the husbands they had come to seek were still more so. These scenes rent the hearts of our brave sailors, who, as you know, have under a rough appearance the tenderest of hearts, and do not know what to do with themselves when they see women and children cry."

A LADY'S ASCENT OF MONT BLANC.

A "TOURIST" communicates to the papers:—

"On arriving here from Genoa, I found the whole village in a state of commotion in consequence of this event. It appears that Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton, a gentleman and lady who reside near London, accompanied by nine guides, and by a boy of the village 16 years old, started from Chamouni to make the ascent on Sunday morning last, about 8 o'clock. They arrived at the Grands Mulets at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and passed the night in the hut the guides have recently erected there; at half-past 3 the next morning they continued their journey, and after meeting with difficulties of no ordinary character, succeeded in reaching the summit at about half-past 2 p.m. They rested there about 10 minutes, when the anxiety of the guides respecting the weather induced them to commence the descent, and they got back to the Grands Mulets at 6 o'clock, and passed another night in the hut. On the Wednesday morning they returned thence to Chamouni, and they found this to be the most difficult part of their journey, in consequence of the descent of avalanches. They succeeded, however, in surmounting every obstacle, and were welcomed on their arrival at the village by the firing of cannon, the forming of a triumphal procession, and every other demonstration of enthusiastic applause."

A fête was given the next evening in the court-yard of the Hotel de Londres, which probably surpassed anything of the kind ever seen in Chamouni, not excepting that which took place after Mr. Albert Smith's ascent. Mrs. Hamilton had so far recovered from her fatigue as to be able to join the dancers, and she did so with much spirit. She spoke in the warmest terms of the two guides, Jean and Victor Tairray, who paid her the utmost attention during the whole route. An avalanche of immense size fell as they were passing the Grand Plateau, and in its course went over a part of the track they had crossed but a few minutes before, and completely filled a *crevasse* beneath."

"This is the first time the top of Mont Blanc has ever been reached by an English lady, although two women have before made the attempt successfully, one being a French lady of Geneva, Mlle. D'Angleville, and the other a peasant in the neighbourhood of Chamouni."

"Two other ascents have been made this season, both during the present month; one by a Mr. Birkbeck, and the other by a Mr. Blackwell. Dr. Talbot, an American gentleman, has commenced the ascent to-day, and is now at the Grands Mulets, where he will pass the night, and, if the weather permit him, will continue his journey to-morrow."

"Chamouni, Aug. 25."

MR. SIDNEY HERBERT AT HOME.

THE editor of the *Salisbury Journal*, from which we take the following, bids boldly for the pluck of the Pembroke family:—

"Last Wednesday, an event, upon which many a young heart had been set for several weeks past, came off in the grounds of Wilton Abbey, for upon that day the Right Hon. Sidney and Mrs. Herbert gave their annual treat to the boys and girls of the national schools. With colours flying, and animated by the spirit-stirring strains of the Wilton band, the children of the Wilton and Netherhampton schools, to the number of some 400 or 500, arrived at the Abbey at four o'clock, and took their seats at long tables ranged on the lawn, which were loaded with pyramids of sweet cake and other edibles ascertained to be acceptable to youthful palates. The children were clean and healthy-looking, and their eyes sparkled with delight at the prospect of the entertainment and sports that were in store for them. Mr. Herbert had just returned from a visit to her Majesty at Osborne House, but, notwithstanding the illustrious society he had lately been in, it was evident that he had lost none of his affability and urbanity. He personally superintended all the arrangements, and with his amiable and accomplished partner, waited upon the little guests, in which task they were ably assisted by Earl Nelson, the Lord Bishop of Salisbury, the Bishop of New Zealand, and several others. Surely the day will be long remembered by those youngsters when their wants were kindly attended to by earls and bishops and right honourable ladies and gentlemen, who looked as though they would never be tired of carrying about jugs of tea and platefuls of cake. . . . Mr. Herbert started the children at all their sports, and was as much amused as the merriest of them; and those who have seen the right hon. gentleman engaged in his arduous duties in the war-office as secretary-at-war, or gravely defending some impeached estimates in the House, would have been glad to witness him in the character of her Majesty's secretary-at-peace."

PUBLIC HEALTH.—THE CHOLERA.

The Registrar-General returns:— "In the week that ended on Saturday last 2816 persons died in London. This number exceeds the average, 1246, by 1570, but is 281 less than the number of deaths in the week that ended September 1, 1849, when cholera was epidemic, and 2796 persons died.

"The air was stagnant in the early part of the week; no rain fell; the sun shone brightly; and the temperature of the atmosphere and the Thames ranged from 60 degs. to 70 degs.

"1267 deaths are referred to cholera, 243 to diarrhoea. The deaths from cholera during the last nine weeks have been 1,556, 133, 399, 644, 729, 847, 1287.

"The present cholera epidemic, like that of 1848-9, has appeared in two eruptions. The first broke out earlier (August 21, 1853), the latter eruption later in the year (July 8th) than the corresponding eruptions in either the epidemic of 1832-3, or of 1848-9. Up to the date of September the 1st, 1849, the epidemic in London during 15 weeks destroyed 8117 lives. In the present epidemic 4070 lives have been lost in the eight weeks ending September the 2nd.

"Although little more than a fourth part (616,635) of the population (2,362,236) of this vast city is on the south side of the Thames, 2617 of the 4070 deaths from cholera have happened in the low southern districts; and there the mortality is still heavy; 101 persons died of cholera last week in Bermondsey.

"On the north side of the Thames there has been a remarkable outbreak in the St. James's district.

"The local authorities should immediately make arrangements for carrying out the instructions of the Board of Health. No time should be lost. Inspection and the house-to-house visitation should be at once instituted. The maximum with every person now should be—Follow your usual pursuits; live temperately, but well; fear nothing, but the instant you perceive any disorder, however slight, in yourself or any member of your family, apply for medical advice.

"On the water companies that supply the population with the dirty water of the rivers a serious responsibility rests. The water of every company is as impure as it was in 1849, except in one instance. The Lambeth company now procures its water from Thames Ditton, and in the districts which it partially supplies the mortality from cholera is largely reduced."

The Board of Health is very active: that is, it is issuing incessant circulars. It recommends these precautions:—

1. Apply to a medical man immediately in case of looseness of the bowels, as it may bring on cholera.
2. Do not take any salts or other strong medicine without proper advice.
3. Beware of drink, for excess in beer, wine, or spirits is likely to be followed by cholera.
4. Avoid eating meat that is tainted or unwholesome, decayed or unripe fruit, and stale fish or vegetables.
5. Avoid fasting too long. Be moderate at meals.
6. Avoid great fatigue, or getting heated and then chilled.
7. Avoid getting wet, or remaining in wet clothes.
8. Keep yourself clean, and your body and feet as dry and as warm as your means and occupation will permit.
9. Keep your rooms well cleaned and limewashed; open the windows as often as possible; remove all dirt and impurities immediately.
10. Use chloride of lime or of zinc to remove any offensive smells.
11. If there are any dust or dirt heaps, foul drains, bad smells, or other nuisances in the house or neighbourhood, make complaint without delay to the local authorities having legal power to remove them; or, if there be no such authorities, or you do not know who they are, complain to the board of guardians.

It has called to its aid a Medical Board—a good step, ensuring at least for the future a scientific generalisation of the origin and cure of cholera. The medical men selected are:—

1. John Ayrton Paris, M.D., F.R.S., President of the Royal College of Physicians.
2. Sir James Collins Brodie, Bart., F.R.S., Sergeant Surgeon to the Queen, Consulting Surgeon to St. George's Hospital.
3. Sir James Clark, Bart., M.D., F.R.S., Physician in Ordinary to the Queen and to his Royal Highness Prince Albert.
4. James Alderson, M.D., F.R.S., Fellow and Treasurer of the Royal College of Physicians, Physician to St. Mary's Hospital.
5. Benjamin Guy Babington, M.D., F.R.S., Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, late Physician to Guy's Hospital.
6. Alexander Tweedie, M.D., F.R.S., Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, Physician to the Fever Hospital, Examiner in Medicine in the University of London.
7. William Baly, M.D., F.R.S., Assistant Physician to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, Physician to the Milbank Penitentiary.
8. William Lawrence, F.R.S., Vice-President of the Royal College of Surgeons, Surgeon to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, Surgeon Extraordinary to the Queen.
9. John Simon, F.R.S., Surgeon to St. Thomas's Hospital, Officer of Health in the City of London.
10. Richard Owen, F.R.S., Professor of Zoology in the Royal College of Surgeons.
11. Nathaniel B. Ward, Master of the Society of Apothecaries.
12. John Baco, Inspector of Anatomy, Member of the Senate of the University of London.
13. William Farr, M.D., Registrar-General's Office.

This pleasant suggestion is made by a correspondent to the Times:—

"In Macaulay's *History* will be found the following passage:—

"On the east of Regent-street, opposite Conduit-street, was a field, not to be passed without a shudder by any Londoner of that age. There, as in a place far from the haunts of men, had been dug, 20 years before, when the great plague was raging, a pit, into which the dead carps had nightly shot corpses by scores. It was popularly believed that the earth was deeply tainted with infection, and could not be disturbed without imminent risk to human life."

"This is the spot which the Commissioners of Sewers, disregarding the warnings of Mr. Simon, the medical inspector of the City of London, chose to disturb to the lowest depths for months together this spring. The consequences we are now seeing. A state of things which even in the time of the great plague would have been appalling. In one street upwards of 100 dying from the cholera in less than three days. The corpses carried away in carts for want of more suitable means of conveyance. Scarcely a house in the district without its dead or dying.

"Will not the ground in other parts be now let alone by the commissioners till the epidemic be somewhat abated? Or shall fresh hecatombs of victims mark at once their energy in making sewers, and their total disregard of any sanitary or hygienic principle?"

THE BEER ACT.

The "Protection Society" of the Licensed Victuallers has had a meeting, at which the Committee offered their defence to the trade, and we ought to assume that the trade was satisfied, for no counter-resolutions were offered in competition with those proposed by the Committee.

But the secession goes on. About 500 Licensed Victuallers have constituted themselves into an independent "Defence Association," and have had a meeting, to organise, at Drury Lane. Speeches were made, and resolutions passed, fatal to the present array of editorial talent connected with the *Morning Advertiser*.

ILLEGALLY ENTERING MEN ON BOARD MERCHANT SHIPS.

A case of some importance to the commercial and royal navies was heard by the borough magistrates at Portsmouth on Wednesday. The Commander-in-Chief, Vice-Admiral Sir Thomas Cochrane, was present during its hearing, as was also Captain Hay, of H.M.S. Victory. The circumstances of the case were as follows: James Clark, a waterman, belonging to Gosport, appeared to answer to an information, laid under the 8 & 9 Vic., chapter 116, intituled an "Act for the protection of seamen entering on board merchant ships," in having "provided and supplied a seaman named John Oram to a merchant ship," he not having a license to do so. These are the facts: the man Oram was a seaman belonging to the *Sea-lark*, tender to the *Illustrious*, and he had leave of absence from Friday evening, the 25th ult., till Saturday morning. He did not return to the *Sea-lark* on the last-named day, and then it transpired that he had entered on board the merchant ship *Blenheim*. A fast steamer (the *Vivid*) was sent after the *Blenheim*, which she overtook off St. Katherine's Point. Oram, together with two other seamen of the *Illustrious*, were found on board, and brought back.

The charge was not denied. There were in all six informations, and Clark was fined 15*l.* with costs, or four months' hard labour, on the first, and 1*s.*, or one day's hard labour on the others. It appears that the law had never been put in force at Portsmouth before.

COURTS-MARTIAL IN INDIA.

(From the *Mofussilite*.)

In our remarks upon the case of Lieutenant Harris, the other day, we especially adverted to the extreme leniency of the sentence, in comparison with other sentences awarded for offences of a similar kind.

One of the most striking contrasts is that of Lieutenant Bradford of the Artillery. Mr. Bradford failed to redeem his promissory note for 800 rupees, and the note having been negotiated, the endorsers had to discharge the obligation. These gentlemen were brother officers of Mr. Bradford, and paid the money without calling attention to the circumstance, and considered the transaction evidently as a private one in all respects. There was a second charge against Mr. Bradford, which was to the effect that he had given a creditor an order to the extent of 100 rupees a month on his pay and allowances, and afterwards, without the consent of the bank to which the order had been sold, directed the discontinuance of the deductions. For these offences Mr. Bradford was sentenced to be dismissed the service.

Of the two offences there can be no doubt that the offence of Mr. Harris was the one which would lower the delinquent most among gentlemen, and expose him to a severer punishment by the ordinary law. But because they were tried by court-martial, Mr. Harris, the greater offender, loses three steps, while Mr. Bradford, the smaller offender, is cashiered.

We have ourselves repeatedly condemned the present system for its uncertainty, and this journal, while in other hands, has always called loudly for reform. The anomalies to which it gives rise are countless. The briefest description of cases within our recollection which have been grossly blundered, would fill a considerable space. Need we refer to the names of Sandham, Reed, and Cumming? Need we point once more to the farcical inefficiency of the Judge Advocates De-

partment, especially under a late head, who proposed that great boon to young officers—viz. making their entire pay available at the Military Court of Requests—and actually attempted to force it upon their acceptance? Need we refer to the anomaly which is occasionally met with—of an officer and a gentleman who has been dismissed the service for dishonourable conduct, swaggering about with the sword of innocence, on full pay, and as good a man as any in the army? One of these we call to mind at the present moment, when the case stands out in peculiarly strong contrast to another,—that of one who has been tried and acquitted by court-martial, of very serious charges, and turned out of the service to gratify the private animosity of a person to whom he had rendered himself obnoxious.

Last year the incapacity of the Judge-Advocate's Department was particularly exhibited in the case of Thomas Paine, of her Majesty's 10th Regiment, who was represented in the charge as killing and murdering a man on the 3rd of March, when the man did not die until the 9th. In a case which occurred at about the same time, there was a frequent instance of a Judge-Advocate selecting and commenting upon evidence while the doors were closed, and during the absence of the prisoner;—a practice which may be in accordance with custom, but is certainly not in accordance with law. Then, again, as regards previous convictions. They are never meant by military law to have any weight in the case of commissioned officers; the Court being bound simply to consider the case before them. Yet Mr. Sandham, to whom we have already referred, was sentenced to be cashiered, partly on the ground, as was formally declared, that evidence of two previous convictions had been received.

These and numerous instances on record of the glaring requirements of the present system, can leave no doubt on the mind of any rational person that no real reform is likely to take place in military law until there is a new department, formed of men of undoubted and ascertained qualifications for the work. It is no reproach to officers that the great majority of them are not capable of fulfilling the functions of lawyers who go through a regular training in the profession, and can attain success in it only by years of laborious study. We should not be surprised at a barrister being incompetent to lead a regiment into action, or to be the plan of a scientific military operation. Why then should even experienced officers be expected to be versed in matters so much beyond the range of their proper duties? This particularly applies to the investigation of cases which do not involve military offences—like the case of Mr. Harris, for instance. In England, an officer who is charged with an offence of the kind is tried by the civil law; by impartial persons fully qualified to form an estimate of his guilt. If he is proved guilty of an offence derogatory to his character, and which brings him within reach of military law, he is dealt with accordingly;—and in England, therefore, real anomalies as we have referred to are unknown.

Under the Indian system a court-martial never seems to go right. There is always an absurd amount of reviling, disapproving, and not-confirring. There is no evidence whatever between the officers of the army, and the Department. The personal character and moral influence of a Commander-in-Chief, of course goes very far towards overcoming defects of system, and securing justice as far as form will allow. Under a man like Sir Charles Napier may blunders and scandals may be avoided. But all Commander-in-Chief are not Napiers; and occasionally these high authorities have not the weight and influence which should belong to their position.

Therefore, as we cannot always be sure of great men in govern, there is the more reason why the laws should be such as little men may administer with something like certainty.

THE BLESSINGS OF ABSURD LITERATURE.

The *Liverpool Journal* discusses the question raised by Cardinal Wiseman:

"The Cardinal Archbishop would have the people taught only by Act of Parliament; and he would introduce a censorship of the press, lest the good taste of the public should fail to reject what was unseemly. Speaking of the books distributed through the rural districts of France, he explained how it had been carried on for 300 years by the *colportage*; how, annually, from 8,000,000 to 9,000,000 volumes, varying in price from one halfpenny to 1*l.*, had been thus distributed; how little in the lapse of ages, this literature had been changed or improved; and how, at length, the Government of the present Emperor had resolved to inquire into the character of the works thus circulated, with the view of prohibiting such as it considered noxious or foolish. On the 30th of November, 1852, a commission had been appointed, and, in consequence, the *colporteur* was required to have a stamp of permission on every book that he sold. The publishers had also been invited to send in their publications to be examined, and approved or rejected. The number of works, in consequence, submitted, had been 7500, and of them three-fourths had been refused permission to be put in circulation."

"Now, the books which had suffered no change 'in the lapse of ages,' must have had some merit in them; and if his eminence would pause a moment from theology to be wise, he would find that the popular literature of the world, even of the high and noble, and that the 'Sleeping Beauty in the Wood' is a story that never tires. The 'Thousand and One Nights' is in every library; and Grimm's 'Northern Legends,' and Crofton Croker's 'Fairy Tales' have run through many editions, because the wealthy and the learned buy them. Dickens introduced an important topic in his 'Hard Times,' but did not develop it. Facts and science, he showed, do not suit the juvenile capacity, while the absence of the knowledge—or amusement, if you like—which the instinct of the young desires, is followed by mental consequences not anticipated by teachers. What the young and the old stand most in need of is the enlargement of their sympathies—a fuller

awakening of their human feelings. The local legend and the eternal fairy tale do this in the young. The novel, the play, and the newspaper accomplish the same end in the adult. The legends of the saints did good in their day; but when the Church and the State interfered, and prescribed a mental aliment, the people who obeyed became stupid or imbecile, or both; while those who refused to receive the law frequently degenerated into rebels and desperadoes. Louis Napoleon, who saw so much in journalism to excite his abhorrence, was not likely to review with tolerance the books and sheets which the French peasantry delighted in. The legend looked silly; history was faulty, and republican tracts were treasonable. No wonder he limited the rustic literature. Cardinal Wiseman would also substitute authority for taste; but, as opinion in England is adverse to interference, he would first issue a commission of inquiry.

Why does not his eminence read the world as well as his books? In England, Ireland, Canada, and the United States, people read what they like; and the people of England, Ireland, Canada, and the States are the most moral people on earth—the wisest, discreetest, best. In Italy, Austria, Sweden, and Russia, the people read only what authority, by and ecclesiastical, permits. And what is the consequence? The Russians are slaves and thieves. Sweden is filled with illegitimacy, and Austria is still more greatly immoral. Italy is the land of brigandage and conspiracy; and the successor of St. Peter finds Rome safe only because the tower of St. Angelo is tenanted by a foreign army.

Many of those who talk most about the necessity of better education are ignorant of facts, or lack sincerity. The working-classes know better than those who would teach them the sciences appertaining to their respective occupations; but what they want, practical knowledge, is taxed before it can reach them. A free press,—newspapers without stamps, are accorded to the people of the United States; and it is not disputed that the American working-men are the best informed workmen in the world.

It is a felon on human nature to assert that the popular taste seeks gratification in improper reading. Facts, plain facts, demonstrate the contrary; and the progress of the age shows that works of fiction are not improper reading. The best reading undoubtedly is reports of the occurrences of the day. Let the people have access to these, and they will be satisfied.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ROBERT OWEN.—Mr. Owen's forte appears to us to have been fiction. His principles have not always been happily stated, nor enforced with vivacity. He lately remarked to us, when he has often said publicly, that he does not care what care for fame. We are sorry for it. It would have been better for his friends and his cause if he had. He who holds public truth in his hands, is bound to take care of its reputation by all the arts of genius he can command, and by all the forethought he can exercise. But in the matchless influence of his life Mr. Owen is unequalled. A kinder nature, a sweeter spirit, a braver, or a gentler advocate lives not amongst men. At eighty-five he has the enthusiasm of a youth, the good sense of a man, the placidity of a philosopher, and the devotion of a saint. He enjoys the friendship of the great and the confidence of the people, and we treasure his many years of honour and gratitude before him yet.—*The Reasoner.*

A SUBJECT FOR A POEM.—Captain Klockgether, of the *Bremen ship Hindoo*, while on his passage to New York, picked up a boat in which were four human skeletons. The boat was full of water, but, being of a light construction, had continued to float. A few remnants of clothing were found, but nothing to give any clue to the unfortunates.

THE MODEL PROTESTANT MEMBER.—One of the many fanatic religious societies of Liverpool—the Working Men's Protestant Association—has sent a lengthy compliment to Mr. Denham, in reference to some speech of his in the House of Commons. This is the point:—"Such a declaration from the commanding wisdom, uprightness, stern integrity, rarely concentrated in one man, and the uncompromising determination to defend the principles upon which rest the noblest monuments of human greatness, which, with the blessings of Almighty God, diffuse peace to our beloved country and revolution and anarchy in continental nations—happiness to the subject, and, in proportion as they are extended, wisdom and blessings to the human race—is cheering, and will induce the Protestant working men of Liverpool, united in determination to aid in upholding these principles, to confide in your wisdom and determination, and to regard you as the central figure of operations in reference to all measures that will have to be discussed in the House of Commons affecting the Protestantism of England. And may Almighty God give you strength and prolong your valuable life, that the cause the Protestant working men of Liverpool commit to your charge may prosper and triumph."

ANOTHER VERSION OF THE BISHOP OF OXFORD ANECDOTE.—There is a more amusing version of this anecdote, if true. The bishop was rebuking one of his clergy for following the hounds. "My lord," replied the clergyman, "every man must have some relaxation, and I assure your lordship I never go to balls." "Ah," said the bishop, "I perceive you allude to my having been at the Duchess of Sutherland's party; but I give you my word I never was in the same room with the dancers." "My lord," responded the clergyman, "my mare and I are getting old, and we are never in the same field with the hounds."

A HADJAN IN A RAILWAY CARRIAGE.—The officials on the railway line were somewhat alarmed a few days ago at the conduct of a maniac, who was a passenger by the Hall down-train. When the train reached Peterborough, the man (of short build and respectable appearance) got out and galloped about the platform, exclaiming, "I have a commission from the Almighty to chain the devil in a first-class carriage." He was with difficulty quieted and secured in a second-class carriage, the doors being locked, and thus forwarded to his destination.—*Stamford Mercury.*

A PRACTICAL PEOPLE.—Two hundred people are dying daily in England of cholera; and we appoint a Board of Health, and the staff of that remarkable institution numbers exactly twelve men! Twelve men to organise sanitary reform! How we laughed, nationally, when three members of the Peace Society travelled to St. Petersburg to request Nicholas not to go to war; it was so ridiculous! But our practical arrangement for "health" is still more strangely illustrated in connexion with the army. One cause of the great mortality of the troops in the East has been traced to the clothing, as utterly unsuitable to the climate. Accordingly, there is to be a reform in the vestment. The evil was found out three months ago; and a commission having been appointed to look at all the armies of Europe, the new proposed articles, the pantaloons included, have already been submitted to the inspection of her Majesty; and it is very fairly calculated that by next April new clothing may be assigned to the army of the East. How many soldiers will have died in the meantime? Perhaps a great many. But then, the poor fellows, their hearts bursting against the druggots in which their carcases are enclosed, will be consoled with the reflection that they are falling in the defence of civilisation!—*Liverpool Journal.*

EASE IS ELEGANCE.—A Boston (N. Y.) paper says that a clergyman, not a hundred miles from that city, preached the day before in his shirt-sleeves, and apologised by saying that comfort was preferable to fashion, and as much to be sought on the Sabbath as on week days.

Postscript.

LEADER OFFICE, Saturday Morning, 8 A.M.
THE CRIMEA EXPEDITION.
(From the Daily News.)

By the *Pericles* steam packet, which left Constantinople on the 30th ult., we have intelligence that detachments of the expeditionary army have already embarked. The whole of the Duke of Cambridge's division, comprising the Guards, and the 42nd, 79th, and 93rd Highland Regiments, as well as the 28th and 44th Regiments, had embarked up to the 29th. The Light Division and Lord Cardigan's brigade were also under orders to embark. The 1st battalion of the Rifles, and several other regiments, have gone up to Varna.

The embarkation commenced on the morning of the 23rd ult., with Captain Barclay's battery of the 11th battalion. Officers, men, and guns, were shipped in excellent style. The artillery are fast recovering their strength and spirits. On the 22nd, the 93rd Regiment marched towards the gates of Varna, four miles, and pitched there for the night. The men looked sturdy and well. The 4th were hourly expected from Gallipoli, and several regiments were ready at a moment's notice to come up from the Bosphorus. The Rifles were lying on the Asiatic side, directly opposite Therapia.

The marines of both fleets have demanded and obtained permission to join the land forces in the assault on Sebastopol.

The spectacle at Varna is described as astonishing, for fascines and gabions by thousands, sacks of provisions, heap upon heap, timber, bales of hay, and barrels of stores, are accumulating upon a scale such as the present generation has not known. The superintendent of transports has guaranteed to embark 2000 infantry in 15 minutes.

The Duke of Cambridge and Prince Napoleon have left for Varna.

The *Patrie* says:—"The fleet and the transports which are about to sail for the Crimea form one of the most imposing armadas: 100 steam-vessels of different force, 300 transports, and 36 sail of the line compose the fleet, and 70,000 men and a considerable matériel have been embarked. Marshal St. Arnaud and his staff are on board the *Ville de Paris*, which will be towed by the *Napoleon*. The first part of the expedition will include 30,000 French, 20,000 English, and 16,000 Turks. The fleet, as soon as the landing shall have been effected, will return to Varna, to take on board the remainder of the expeditionary army."

SIR C. NAPIER.

The *Morning Chronicle* announces that Sir C. Napier is coming home!

CONSPIRACY AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

The *Vienna Freuden Blatt* states that a Greek conspiracy to assassinate Lord Raglan, the Duke of Cambridge, and Prince Napoleon, had been discovered in Galata.

PRINCE ALBERT AT BOULOGNE.

Boulogne, Friday, 11.50 P.M.

The sham fight took place to-day at Marquise, in the presence of the Emperor and Prince Albert, and went off admirably.

The town to-night is brilliantly illuminated, and the streets are filled with people. At eleven o'clock to-night Prince Albert took his leave of the Emperor, and went on board the *Victoria* and *Albert* yacht, the crowds cheering immensely. Blue lights were burst on the yacht, and fireworks displayed.

MR. ROEBUCK AT SHEFFIELD.

At the Sheffield Cutlers' feast, on Tuesday, Mr. Roebuck made the following observations. Lord Fitzwilliam had preceded him.

"I think you will allow me to congratulate you on the position which this country now holds. Last year, I remember my single voice was raised in this room to warn you against what was about to occur. I was then deemed, I believe, a croaker. I prophesied that a war would happen, and unfortunately my prophecy has come true. But while that war has broken out, other things have occurred which have rendered that war only a light calamity for this country; for it has pleased Providence to bless us with such a harvest as was never seen, and to enable us to meet all the exigencies which the war has created. (Cheers.) We have not lightly undertaken this war. As the right hon. earl has said, we have not rushed into the war with any desire of conquest—we have rushed into it with no wish for aggrandisement—but we have gone into it from a spirit and feeling of duty. That duty is one which we owe not only to the weak of all classes, but also to ourselves, for the encroachments upon others would inevitably, and very soon, have fallen on ourselves. This war, therefore, which we have undertaken, is not only a just war, but a war which it is to our interest to carry on. This being the case, I am quite sure that the people of this country will put their shoulders to the wheel, and thrust forward the vessel of the state through all the difficulties which beset it. Those difficulties are great, and I cordially agreed with the noble earl when he told you that he thought this war was a calamity which would not soon end. Being once begun it will not speedily be finished. But still we are not to be down-hearted. Our condition at home and our condition abroad is such as will enable us to meet all the exigencies which the war will create; and while we are united at home, and so favoured with our alliances abroad, we need not fear to meet the power of Russia. But I do not agree with something that has fallen from a gallant officer, who said that the Russian power could be ridden over by the English forces. I remember that Russia presented a great resistance to the greatest conqueror the world ever saw. I remember that war with France, and I remember the part that Russia then played. The battles of Austerlitz, of Eylau, and of Borodino, are matters that are not easily forgotten; and therefore do not let us get into a false position by undervaluing our opponent. He is strong, and it will require our united, our combined and united efforts, to pull him down. He is almost invulnerable by his position. We can hardly reach him by any means. By the mere exercise of the *vis inertiae*, as I may call it, he will be enabled to resist the power of France and England. But all that notwithstanding, we will not be down-hearted. We can accomplish what we have in view." (Cheers.)

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. All letters for the Editor should be addressed to 7, Wellington-street, Strand, London.

The Leader.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1854.

Public Affairs.

There is nothing so revolutionary, because there is nothing so unnatural and convulsive, as the strain to keep things fixed when all the worlds by the very law of its creation is eternal progress.—*DR. ARNOLO.*

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE RECESS.

ALTHOUGH the Austrian declaration, of continued neutrality, constitutes no real change in the situation, it is an incident which marks the anomalous relation of Austria to the belligerent states, and it certainly warrants us in summing up the account as it now stands.

The position is this. Having asserted the right of reigning over Christian subjects within Turkey—a demand as preposterous as if the Sultan professed to reign over Mussulman subjects in India,—Russia was told, by France and England united, that they would support Turkey against her. She seized the provinces of Turkey as a hostage for her right. She was told if she did not retire the Western Powers would make her; she defied them. She has been forced out; and now, probably, if she were allowed, she would gladly go home and hush up the quarrel. But she must be beaten, and made to say that she knows she is beaten, and pay the cost of beating her. Now, is it

probable that the Czar will thus yield? Not at all! His last act is absolutely to refuse those conditions, without which France and England have declared that they will not treat at all. He retires behind the Pruth, only to protect himself from being outflanked, and declares that he waits for overtures of peace or attack. The attack is coming.

Austria has throughout said that she approved of the objects of the Western Powers, would not make separate treaty with Russia, would lend a negative assistance, but would not join in active warfare. To that rule she adheres, still waiting to see whether we conquer at Sebastopol. Austria, therefore, will consent to follow in the rear of France and England while they are victorious.

Prussia scarcely pretends that her neutrality is more than a timid yet treacherous alliance with Russia.

The next great event, therefore, will be the taking of Sebastopol; until that be accomplished speculation is useless—after that we shall know better how we stand with the German Powers and Russia. For our own part, while we do not expect the Czar to give in, we do not expect that Austria will heartily join to beat down Russia; we do expect that during the conflict which Russia will be able to sustain, Prussia will abandon her neutrality to side with that Power. The conflict, then, must extend; and in the camp at Boulogne France and England have shown that they possess instruments for acting as well upon Prussian as Russian forces.

We believe that hitherto the purpose of official "England" has expanded with the occasion, that it has never been framed in anticipation of the occasion. First, it was to free Turkey from Russia; next to make Russia admit the supremacy of European law; thirdly, to reduce the power of Russia. But we believe that official England has no object for the next stage of the war, and that the enthralled nationalities are likely enough to assert their presence. Happy will it be for England if a party can consolidate itself, with a sufficiently distinct purpose, and a sufficient hold on public confidence, to prevent the Government from betraying English honour.

It is from Newcastle that this position has been most distinctly foreseen. The men of Newcastle are prepared for the future, as well as the present. We know that they are not in the hands of foreigners; we know that they are moved by no party spirit against this or that Ministry, or non-Ministry. We know that their feeling is thoroughly English, and that they are prepared to stand up for the good name, the flag, and the influence of England on the Continent. If they stand firm to these principles, they must gather adherents from other quarters; and for our own part we hail the day when "the Newcastle party" speaks to the Government in the name of the English people. Such a meeting as that at Newcastle is not of difficult organisation:—why not more such meetings in such towns?

THE GREER AND PERRY CASE.

The Greer and Perry case has forced the Horse Guards to make a general demonstration on the subject of those jocosities in the army which, coarse in their nature, become blackguardism, or in the periphrasis of the Horse Guards, "conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman." If we accept the institution of the army exactly as it is, much might be said for the species of compromise in which the triple case has ended. It is not justice, but justice is inconsistent with the framework of the army.

In the second court-martial Lieutenant

James Edward Perry was arraigned for "scandalous infamous conduct, unbecoming an officer and a gentleman," on these grounds—that he had described Colonel Garrett as meeting his report with the remark that "he was a fool for his pains;" that he had threatened Colonel Garrett to report to the General of the District, and that Captain Nicholas had ill-treated other officers on joining; all statements being false. Now there is no positive proof that this description of Captain Nicholas is untrue. The remarkable similarity in the negative replies of the officers on the point is excessively suspicious, especially when coupled with the letter of Lieutenant Waldey, who equally denied the charge, which nevertheless he had made in writing. There is strong collateral evidence that Lieutenant Perry did tell Colonel Garrett that he should write to the General of the District, and that he did actually write a letter, but withdrew it at the request of other officers. The oblivion of the colonel,—an old gentleman who did not know when a subaltern was dragged into the same room in his night-shirt,—is no counterproof; and if great allowances must be made for the excessive laxity of the evidence against Perry, exactly similar allowances ought to be made on his behalf. The judgment should be given upon the charges; and the charges are but partially sustained. It is an excessive stretch of partiality to dismiss Mr. Perry from the service for a want of exactness in his statement, while for a direct untruth proved under his own handwriting, another officer is punished by nothing more severe than a reprimand.

It may be true that Mr. Perry is not proper company for officers, and there is something calculated to excite at least prejudice against him, in the very nature of his defence—his profession of quietude, his study of fortification and the cornopean, while submitting to the immoralities, the grumbings, and the indignities put upon him by Greer. But all this has nothing to do with the specific charges; and it is an outrageous irregularity in judicial proceedings severely to punish a man for collateral improprieties, respecting which he was not put upon his defence, while glancing over defects in the evidence against him in order to declare him guilty on unproved charges.

The spirit of partiality which dictates this sentence is indicated *e converso* in the disposal of Greer's case. He was accused of having struck Lieutenant Perry and of having used provoking and insulting language, and convicted, except upon that part of the charge which accused him with using the words "swindler" and "blackguard." The Court, however, only sentenced the man really convicted to be reprimanded and placed lowest on the list of Lieutenants of the 46th. The Commander-in-Chief, with a juster sense of equity, dismissed Greer from the service, but permits him to sell out. Some of the evidence, perhaps true enough in fact and letter, was false in spirit. Captain Campbell declared in Court, that he declined to associate with Perry because that person was the associate of disreputable women; but the same witness declined to answer the question whether he himself did not associate with the same class of women. There is, then, some all-prevailing hypocrisy in the treatment of such cases. Perry is dismissed from the service on a charge of falsehood unsupported by the evidence; and he is sent to Coventry by Captain Campbell for offences against morals, which Captain Campbell does not deny in his own instance, and which is notoriously in the instance of many officers. There must then have been some reasons which moved officers to these actions, but which they do not like to avow. Mr. Perry was not wealthy; and it has been

evidently the custom in the Forty-sixth to play for high sums, to go to expense in the way of "drags," to cultivate society of the female sex more lively than regular, and in short to indulge in those vivacities which socially are not thought to be "unbecoming an officer and a gentleman." The new order from the Horse Guards does not touch that subject of expenses, or the painful position in which a young officer is placed who has not the means of competing with his brother-officers in the purse. Again, Mr. Perry rose from the ranks; we all know to what painful trials that circumstance leads; but the Horse Guards has done nothing to check the social cowardice which enables men of wealth or birth to oppress the man who possesses neither.

Yet the Horse Guards cannot at this day sustain the opinion of the great Captain. He declared before a Parliament commission, that there are difficulties in promoting officers from the ranks, because it tends to remove the distance which there ought to be between officers and men; and because those who rise to be non-commissioned officers do not possess that steadiness of head which is rendered necessary by the wine-drinking habits of gentlemen in commission. The Duke, it seems, thought the decanter an essential institution, and it constituted for him an effectual bar to the promotion of non-commissioned officers, who cannot be guilty of debaucheries and riotous living like that which prevailed in the Forty-sixth. Before the Duke departed from the chief command, it was, we believe, a practice at the Horse Guards to receive his orders, but out of consideration for him to abstain from fulfilling them. It had been discovered that the Great Captain could err even on military matters. He was wrong on the subject of promoting non-commissioned officers. Since the memorandum which Lord Hardinge made on the Fiftieth regiment, its discipline has been greatly improved, and that improvement must, we believe, be ascribed to the Colonel commanding: but who is he? He is an officer who has risen from the ranks—and if we are not wrong he has known what it is to rise from the ranks among "officers and gentlemen."

The disclosures which have been made respecting the haunts of vice in the metropolis, exhibit all classes as partaking the same depravities—"without respect of rank"—and if we consult the history of the country on its better side, we shall find the same community of action. Who were the great improvers, for example, that created our manufacturing system? If Cartwright, who introduced the spinning jenny, was a clergyman and a man of position, Hargreaves was a working spinner, Arkwright was a barber, Watt a working mathematical instrument maker. Cook, who rescued our navy from its sanitary abominations, was a collier's boy. The last Indian war gives us lords and plebeians equally fighting in the van. And why should the army be an exception? The qualities required for an officer are bravery, probity, and the capacity for organised action in subordination—the qualities of Englishmen in all ranks, when the character is brought out. It is because we take the test of wealth, which is worse than that of birth, that we introduce so many un-officerlike, un-gentlemanlike, un-English men into that profession, which ought to be open to the competition of all Englishmen. Throw open commissions to the ranks, abolish the system of purchase, let promotion always be earned by service in the barrack if not in the field, and we shall have the effeminate race of idle cadets, who are supported by the ostentatious generosity of their relatives, replaced by a genuine working corps of officers.

THE PROSECUTED ARCHDEACONS.

THE Archbishop of Canterbury has no doubt performed his distinct duty, in instituting a prosecution of Archdeacon Denison for the promulgation of erroneous doctrines; and the similar course taken by the Archbishop of York against Archdeacon Wilberforce, for the promulgation of Romish doctrines in a work on the Holy Eucharist, is equally to the credit of that prelate. In one case, the result is anticipated by the resignation of Archdeacon Wilberforce; who assigns as the cause more particularly his dissent from the thirty-sixth canon of the Church, the one asserting the royal supremacy. It is not for us to anticipate in the other what may be the result of the proceeding. That the two Archdeacons have asserted doctrines wholly inconsistent with that of the Church of England, as it is generally understood, is obvious to the most ordinary conception. That Archdeacon Denison has also asserted doctrines which are, on their premises, perfectly logical, we admit as distinctly as we are prepared to maintain that his own conduct has been illogical. He has insisted upon the necessity of reviving Convocation, in order not only to renew a power of legislation in the Church, but also to remove doubts as to the interpretation of her standards. The present Convocation, which meets to adjourn, is a mockery which indeed brings ridicule and disgrace upon the Establishment. What should we think of a temporal Parliament, Lords and Commons, which should meet about the usual time, not to make laws, not to vote supplies, not to exact an account from the responsible Ministers of State, but only to move those adjournments which the skeleton of Parliament performs during the recess. In such case we should declare that such representative Government was worse than worthless; that it was a disgrace to the State which tolerated it, and to the members which consented to take part in the farce. At the last meeting of Convocation, it was resolved that some portion of the church's offices should be revised:—a work much wanted; and if we could allow that there is more than a wretched paltering in these very small steps towards an obvious want, we should be prepared to claim for George Anthony Denison, and for others his associates in suspicion, the credit of having forced Convocation to that step.

It is not the less true that Mr. Denison's interpretation of those doctrines is inconsistent with the view entertained by the two primates at the head of the Church. If so, however consistent the two archdeacons may be in their own views as to the duty of a clergy or the meaning of Christian ordination, we must admit that they do not properly belong to the Church of England. They belong, of course, to some other church; and as they have not joined the Church of Rome, they must be accounted members of some new Dissenting body hitherto unnamed. But if the Church of England really means a definitive incorporation, if it has any standards of faith, it cannot tolerate within its bounds men who deny those standards, or who desert them. The prosecution of two men who are distinguished in the Church, but who are suspected of being renegades, was due, as a matter of course, to the Establishment.

We must always be understood to speak of the Church of England as a definite corporation, which at one time embraced almost the entire body of the clergy, and of the people of this country. It was, indeed, a bold step which enabled the Church to cast off the authority of Rome, while maintaining for itself an apostolical accession of its bishops from the original founders of Christianity; but the difficulty was overcome, and the

Church of England was at one time an establishment comprising the clergy of the town. As soon as the Independents had asserted equality in citizenship, the identity of the Church of England with the Church of the people of England ceased, and, in recent times, the name has been no more than a title enjoyed through inheritance and privileged possession of property, by one of the many sects into which the nation is divided. In retaining possession of that property, after it ceased to be the Church of the people, the Church of England, we think, acted in a manner more consistent with the rapacity ordinarily ascribed to ecclesiastical corporations, than with religious virtue or public honesty. The property we still regard as being in truth the property of the English people, set aside for religious purposes; the parish church ought to be the church which the people of the parish retain for their own use in their religious observances. If the Church property of England were viewed in this light by the people, they could soon recover possession of it, and the archbishop of one particular sect would cease to have the power of arraigning or expelling clergymen for departing from the standards of a sect. But the English people is, of all others, the most careless about its own property, and it suffers the property of the parish to remain the property of one sect in the parish. The officers and trustees of that sect are unquestionably charged with the duty of preserving its own interests, privileges, and property; they cannot admit other sects within their privileged corporation, any more than the Lord Mayor of London could allow the aldermen of Dublin and the town-councillors of York to sit and vote in the Guildhall. The Primates, therefore, were only doing their duty when they challenged men entertaining views so heterodox as those of a Wilberforce or a Denison, to explain their position, to prove that they were still members of the Church, to undergo its penalties if they remained in it—their heterodoxy notwithstanding—or to leave it as Baptist Noel has done, and as Archdeacon Wilberforce has partly done by becoming a lay member, and inducing his Primate to wink at his evading responsibility by that irregular retreat into laity and silence.

EUROPEAN COMMISSION DE REGE INQUIRENDO.

THE poor people of Madrid are disappointed in the hope of bringing Queen Christina to trial; and the newspaper reader, if it had been an open court, ought to be still more disappointed. Let us imagine her Majesty, wife of King Ferdinand the Seventh, mother of the Duchess de Montpensier, married to the Duke Rianzares after most of their children were born, sister-in-law to Don Carlos, and always daughter of the house of Naples—imagine that Italian cosmopolitan under cross-examination! Fancy her asked how she got her property, where she lived, and who visited her? when her children were born, and how they were registered? In short, compelled to tell, under an Old Bailey pressure, how she had got her livelihood; how she had brought up her family, and why she stood at the bar? It might have been a most instructive inquiry, and if some of the defensive matter thrown out had let us into the secret of railway speculations, of papal bulls, of King Ferdinand's melancholy and conjugal eccentricities, the narrative might have told us more than the natural history of a Neapolitan princess in a Spanish court. Decidedly, the reader who is fond of "causes celebres" has a right to reproach Espartero with having stopped the most interesting trial of modern times.

It appears to us, however, that an expedient might be adopted for allaying that disappointment, by extending the inquiry, and rendering it yet more instructive. The great English public has been perplexing itself much, of late, with the conduct of Prussia—so weak, so vacillating, so equivocal, so dangerous in its impotency to its allies. Could we know the causes of evil, we should be half way to learning the method of producing good; could we neutralise Prussia in something more than name, we should save much bloodshed, much taxation; for her pettifoggish weakness is sure to prolong the war, and to increase our expenditure under both heads. It would be very desirable if we could send out a Commission *de lunatico inquirendo*, in order to ascertain how the grand trustee of Prussia deports himself in his office. The Commission would have to travel over an extensive ground; it would have to examine Frederick William on the reasons which actuated him in fraternising with his beloved Berliners when they rose against his own authority; on his purpose in joining with Austria to put down Hesse Cassel, which it was his business and policy to defend; and on the notion he had in trying to carry on an alliance with Austria for the purposes of Russia. But King Frederick William's motives would not be enough: we want to learn what *causes* the motives; and it is possible that the Commission might be compelled to push its investigation into the King's wine cellar, into his secret correspondence with St. Petersburg; to inquire into the fact that his branch of the line of Hapsburg terminates with himself—he, that seemed the main line, being genealogically no better than a "siding" that leads to nothing.

But an enquiry into Prussia alone would be invidious. Prussia might justly say, I am not worse than my fellows. Why investigate Frederick William, and leave Ferdinand of Naples unexamined? Why ask what has been done with the beloved Berliners, and leave Neapolitans or Sicilians unprotected from enquiry into the insane misappropriations of their resources, of their geographical position, and their influence?

Verily as we travel over the tops of states, the summits of their royal mountains tipped by thrones, it seems that we encounter a population differing from those of the healthier plains, as in many high mountain regions we seem to meet a cretin population—weakly, sickly, malignant from birth. Is it so, or is it not? A great question of our day. We are far from adopting the idea of some German revolutionists, that there will be no peace on earth until thirty tyrants' heads be cut off; although there are good grounds for that interesting problem. But let us first ask, if they are tyrants, or only idiots? Are they wicked of malice prepense, or unconscious of crime? The examples are in favour of the latter supposition. There we have touched upon three thrones, and the lunatic element decidedly preponderates. Are the royal classes efficient? Are they of a grade of character beneficial to the countries over which they are placed? Is their conduct to be judged by ordinary standards? The trial of Queen Christina has been stopped, but why should we not have this more extended enquiry?

It would not be impossible, if the Western Powers knew all the alliances that they might bring to forward their purpose. Why not have an independent commissioner from each of the chief States of Europe, under the patronage and direction of the Western Powers?—the commission to comprise an Englishman, a Frenchman, a German, a Spaniard, an Italian, an Hungarian, and a representative of every distinct nationality. Such a commission might be sent out to examine

and report, with full powers to call for persons and papers. How deep the interest of that blue-book! Think of a roving commission *de rege inquirendo*, to examine into the mental, moral, and professional state of the royal class throughout Europe; to call before it, not only Frederick William and make him account for his conduct,—not only Ferdinand of Naples, Isabella of Spain, Nicholas of Russia, and all the great criminals or idiots that now sign away the liberties, property, and welfare of States, but the chosen companions of those idiots—the young gentlemen of Isabella's palace, the priests that hang about the Neapolitan zany, the mystical statesmen who translate Frederick William's maudlin into diplomatic language, the spies that are the accomplices of Nicholas, and would be willing to turn king's evidence! Talk of "secret memoirs," of exciting romances by Eugene Sue, of scandalous disclosures in Gilbert-street, Denbigh-street, or Newman-street! Such a blue-book as this would put all those exciting and infamous records to the blush; would show that the extremes of society meet, and that the thrones rival the slums in their characteristics. It would force moderate statesmen, practical men who stand upon facts and realities, to admit, at least as a doubt, the question whether Europe is benefited by having hereditary cretins, idiots, and criminals kept upon thrones which are not reformatory prisons, but stimulating schools of gigantic vice.

We could not expect from such a commission that the report would terminate in recommendations. Sufficient, if it analysed and exposed the actual state of royal Europe. The recommendations might come from that knowledge. Practical men, who abound in England of all other countries, might hit upon some safer mode of appointing hereditary monarchs, since hereditary monarchs we must have, even when they are elected in the Month of December. The modes of inheritance are different, and are made, as we have discovered lately, by universal suffrage—a strange anomaly, but one that suggests to us the possibility of introducing changes, if not improvements. There is also an Indian mode of inheritance—that of adopting a child. However, it is not for us to suggest. Wiser heads may, perhaps, discover the principles of improvement for appointing the royal officers of Europe, after they have satisfied themselves as to the actual state of that unhappy and misery-creating class.

A SKINNED RUSSIAN—A TARTAR.

THE greatest Frenchman of the age made the truest speech about Russia when he originated the famous phrase, that if you skinned a Russian you would find a Tartar. In the same spirit Charles Vogel has described St. Petersburg as not the capital, but the bay-window of the Russian Empire, where the Romanoffs and the Court go to breathe the air of European civilisation. The grand courtesy and gallant show of Russian society is in like manner all histrionic; it is put on and worn while the actor struts before the foot-lights, it is thrown aside when he gets into the coulisse; and even while he is on the stage, if you could only see behind him, you would find that the mask but hides what should be the nobler features. At the back of what you see is what you would shudder to look upon, and the scowl of the wild beast is covered by the simulated smile of the gentleman. Behind all that is rich, strong-looking, and grand in appearance, is poverty, weakness, cruelty—in short, close under the varnished hide of the Russian lies the flesh, blood, bones, and passions of the aboriginal Tartar.

The real heart and soul of Russia is in

Moscow and the country around that semi-deserted capital. There lies the pith of the Russian race; there is to be found the germ of what is vital in Russian civilisation; thence, if at all, must come the healthful impetus which shall change semblance into reality, and weakness into power. The whole surface of Russian society is a sham, thinly concealing the corruption and degradation engendered by the forcing system of Peter I. The heart of the Russian nation, let us hope, is sound, but it behoves us to do our best to demolish the gross imposition which has so long presented itself to the world in its name.

There have always been those who believed the power and progress of Russia to be a bugbear; and they have rightly judged, but only in part. Russian power, in Germany, and Turkey, and Persia, for instance, was not a bugbear, because it inspired confidence. There Russian power was, and perhaps is, really believed in with almost religious zeal. Hence it has effectually arrested the steps of progress, on various occasions in a conspicuous, always in a secret manner. To all intents and purposes Russian power did exist; Russia was looked upon, and was really the great policeman, constantly arresting revolution and political improvement; and none the less so because she made kings and people believe in her omnipotence. The question was who should bell the cat; and the work has remained undone until taken up by the Maritime Powers. It has even yet to be proved that Russia is a bugbear.

Nevertheless, some symptoms of the Tartar peep through the peeled spots on the skin of the Russian. In finance he has been found to be deplorably weak; unable to move into Hungary in 1849 without a loan; unable to construct a railroad without a loan; and unable to carry on this war not only without again making heavy demands upon the Jews, but without raising a forced loan from all classes of the happy subjects of Nicholas. The whole financial system is fictitious; and the paper of the Government will, no doubt, be depreciated in this as much as it was in the previous war. There is nothing in the finances of Russia to be compared in soundness with the finances of England.

But so many nations have failed in finance, from so many causes, that we need not lay too much stress upon that. What we may fairly trust to find perfect is the military system. That, of course, is the one real thing in a nation of barbarians. If they can do nothing else they can fortify and fight with the best. So it would appear. Yet it is not so. The Tartar comes through most plainly here. It now seems a settled fact that the dreaded granite batteries—those seeming solid realities in Russia—that the gloomy, but terrible casemates, are like all the rest a show only of power. In the late attack on Bomarsund sixteen guns reduced two towers, and compelled a third and fourth to surrender. The French and British batteries smashed the granite faces of the forts, and crumbled away the embrasures; and as the blocks fell out, the rubble behind, uncemented and loose, rolled after them in showers. The firm and solid appearance proved to be only an appearance—a Russian hide, which even 32-pound shot and shell could tear away, revealing the Tartar skin. Nor are the soldiers of Russia more substantial. Strip off the military integuments, and lo, you behold anything but the fine, soldierly fellow who stood before you unstripped. He is altogether an inferior machine to what, on parade, he appeared. At St. Petersburg he is splendidly attired; but see him on the distant frontier and he is ragged, dirty, badly fed, dejected, miserable. One thing about him, however, is real—his

bravery; that no emperor can take away, except by surrendering him to the tender mercies of one of the most corrupt commissariats in the world. And as it is with the army, so it is with the navy—it bullied Turkey when she had no fleet, it fell with bloody effect upon the inferior Turkish force at Sinop; but it remains under the batteries of Sebastopol, Cronstadt, and Helsingfors, when it is challenged by an equal, nay, an inferior force. The ships, we are told, are built with green wood, and utterly unable to keep the rough sea.

Yet we know that Russia will not yield without a struggle the prestige she has gained by the efforts of her able diplomacy, the building of casemates and fleets, the maintenance of an enormous, and well-drilled army, and the conquest of vast tracts of land. Besides the great strength she draws from the lively sense of her power which she has impressed upon many nations, Russia has two real sources of strength—the indomitable bravery of her people, and the unfaltering character of her will. Her immeasurable duplicity and fraud has, of course, served her for a time, but coupled with her ambition it has brought her to the fiery ordeal of the present war. It will be good for the whole world if she be driven back into her native territory; if her ambition and pretension receive a terrible repulse; if her fungus-like prosperity be trampled to dust; and her oppressions by force and influence be swept away. It will be good for her and for us all if we strip off from her the unhealthy outer garment which she calls Russia, and reduce her again to the barbarism of Tartary, so that she may start afresh in honest guise. Let her, as the head of the Slavonic race, have her due weight in the world; but let not that weight be increased by a reputation for power not deserved, and not only stained with the blood of the oppressed, but furthered by craft the most foul, and ambition all-devouring. It is full time to test to the utmost all the pretensions of Russia; and as they aim at universal empire, the sooner their folly is perfectly shown the better for all parties. It is time to test the strength and honesty of Russia, and the sooner both are reduced to their right proportions the better, alike for Europe and the imperial boaster who is a Tartar in disguise.

Open Council.

[IN THIS DEPARTMENT, AS ALL OPINIONS, HOWEVER EXTREME, ARE ALLOWED AN EXPRESSION, THE EDITOR NECESSARILY HOLDS HIMSELF RESPONSIBLE FOR NONE.]

There is no learned man but will confess he hath much profited by reading controversies, his senses awakened, and his judgment sharpened. If then it be profitable for him to read, why should it not at least, be tolerable for his adversary to write.—MILTON.

THE WAR AND THE ENGLISH PEOPLE.

By an Old Reformer.

(To the Editor of the Leader.)

SIR,—In however outspoken and upspoken, or, as prudent and calculating natures would call it, impracticable and rash language, the several orders at the great meeting at Newcastle-upon-Tyne delivered their sentiments touching the war in the East, there can be no doubt that they declared the sentiments of nine-tenths of her Majesty's subjects. We have a large muster of varieties in our circle of acquaintance. It includes some of all classes, from the peer to the peasant. It takes in men of all parties, Tories, Whigs, Liberals, Radicals, Neutralists. But from all these, if we were put upon our oath, we do not think that we could pick out a single individual who does not look suspiciously at the manner in which this war with Russia is conducted. They may not all coincide exactly with the Newcastle speakers. They may use gender language in expressing their opinions. They may draw lines between the possible and impossible. But all are of one heart and mind with regard to the mismanagement which has so far marked the wretched proceedings of Lord Aberdeen and his colleagues in this matter. Let us see how things stand. Of the people

and with the people, we speak for the people in what we are about to say. From the first we had our misgivings. We could not bring ourselves to hope that the aggressions of Russia were really to be chastised when we saw at the head of affairs such a man as Lord Aberdeen, who, however he may have been influenced by stronger mind to yield on some minor points connected with domestic affairs, is still, with regard to foreign policy, but a miserable relic of the old ultra-Tory days of Castlereagh and Sidmouth, as a statesman, far below mediocrity; in place, and kept in place, by Court influence; and, as a man without a single noble aspiration for his fellow-men, an opponent of liberty, an enemy of nationalities and despotisms. He justified our measure of him, and true to his fame and character, battled for his friend Nicholas to the last extremity. But when the voice of honour and of public opinion had prevailed, and war was positively declared against the dangerous tyrant of the North, we did think that in very decency and delicacy Lord Aberdeen would have retired. Unhappily, he chose otherwise. Our next anticipation was that, at all events, by the vigour with which the war would be carried on under his auspices, all former suspicions would be blotted out. But once more we were doomed to be disappointed. Our warriors went forth amidst much cheering and warm hopes. Their chiefs proceeded to the field after the fashion of a ballet on the boards of the theatre; they danced in London, they danced in Paris, they danced in Vienna, they danced in Constantinople, they danced at every stage upon the road, as if fully sympathising with the black lady at the "dignity ball" in Barbadoes, who thus rebuked the talkative midshipman who was her partner, "Sure, we come for dance, not for chatter." At last Vienna was reached, and we did begin to hope that battle would now really be changed for bullets. But nothing was done. Days grew into weeks, and still it was nothing. Weeks were extended into months, and still mail after mail arrived with nothing, nothing, nothing to tell. The Turks had won laurels on the bloody field of Ottenitz. They had gained victory after victory in front of Kalafat. Clitate told of Russian defeat and flight. They had driven back their buffed foes from the walls of Silistria, and rolled back the tide of war beyond the Danube. But all this time, our gallant fleets and armies were doing nothing. And then came the cholera to decimate their ranks, and mow down the high and the noble, and the brave, and with the unsparing and impartial scythe of pestilence. Can we wonder, then, that public impatience and indignation are beginning to find a voice? Rather we may wonder if the whisper heard at Newcastle does not presently grow into a thundering roar to fill and echo through the land from one extremity to the other. And why is this delay? Why this seeming fear and real hesitation? *Prole Pater!* Because our statesmen either sympathise with or tremble before the young despot of Vienna. By some strange alchemy, the war undertaken to protect Turkey and clip the wings of Russia, has been transmuted into an unholy alliance to guard German dynasties, and Austria in particular, against the wishes of their enslaved people to be free. And what are we to gain by this degradation? As we see and read it, Austria is to do the police work of Russia in the Danubian provinces, and by thrusting her armies between the flying enemy and the allies, not only cover his retreat, but also secure his frontier for hundreds of miles against the very danger of attack. The whole Russian force will thus be enabled to concentrate on any point, and the interference of their friend, or ally, will thus give them the opportunity of meeting, and, perhaps, checkmating us wherever, if we do ever act at all, we may make our attack. No true Englishman can have any faith in an Austrian alliance. It will surely turn out in the end to be all false and hollow. We have now an additional cause for apprehension and anxiety. Either we are about to be betrayed by these horrid friends, or what would be worse, our Ministers must have pledged themselves against freedom and liberty throughout Europe. How is it? What are we to say, what to think? Whom are we to accuse, in whom to trust, whom to blame? We have long abandoned all confidence in Lord John Russell, as a mere lover of place and patronage after patronage. But we confess to having had a persevering hope in Lord Palmerston. Is that also to go? Has he also become Austrianised? Will he too, politically "die and make no sign" to cheer, and re-assure us?

OFFICERS AND GENTLEMEN.

I.

THE GOVERNING CLASSES AND THE NAVY.

(To the Editor of the Leader.)

England cannot do without a Navy. When we consider the different institutions that need reform, it is as well to reflect beforehand whether we could not altogether dispense with them at once. It is possible to abolish the House of Lords, instead of

introducing reforms into its sacred precincts. It is equally easy to annihilate church-rates, and put the Dissenters on the same footing with church people. But the Navy must exist, while France, Russia, and America are alive; and without her wooden walls England would be powerless. However necessary this Navy is to the welfare of England, it is hardly probable that it can exist much longer in its present form. Facts are daily coming to light about both the services, that make people think twice before committing themselves or their sons to the mercy of battle-fields and waves. The present is an age of great changes, and the range of reform may well be extended even more widely.

The Navy is now in a state of transition, touching at one end on the civilised shores, on the other, extending to Pre-Benbowite roughness. In most respects, these two elements meet together like two adverse tides, one party of oldsters being civilised, the other being in a state of primitive barbarity. Hereupon both factions suffer, and between them the unfortunate youngsters manage to fall in for a share of bullying that is much greater than the ordinary experience of men ashore can have any conception of. But we must not begin our series by enlarging on the sufferings of the youngest part of the community. *Seniores priores* is the established rule, to which we ought to conform, and commence by a glance at the Governing Classes, and the influence they have over the Navy.

In the first place, how is the Navy governed? By the Admiralty, who in turn are governed by public opinion, and the private considerations of votes and political parties. It seems to be an established rule, that the First Lord of the Admiralty should always be profoundly ignorant of naval matters. We can recollect but one case during several years when a naval man was appointed First Lord, and then the intention was better than the result. We allude to the Duke of Northumberland, a captain in the Navy, and the man who, as is almost unnecessary to relate, was Lord Derby's First Lord of the Admiralty. Sir James Graham has many years ago held the same post that has fallen to his share in the Coalition, yet we cannot remember any regulations introduced by him that have met with satisfaction in the profession he is supposed to govern. To him we owe a bill on the subject of merchant seamen, that has caused immense trouble to foreign consuls and merchant captains. However, if he is personally ignorant of the Navy, he has a brother aide who can give him some information. Certainly the Navy generally would not be surprised at Sir James's appointment. But what, in the name of everything strange, could have led to the appointment of Mr. Bernal Osborne to the post of Secretary to the Admiralty, under the very Sir James Graham he quizzed in Parliament such a short time ago? It is always supposed that the secretary is the real head of the Admiralty, and this supposition, which may not be true as regards the present Board, was certainly correct in the case of John Wilson Croker. We have heard that the eminent Quarterly reviewer, when secretary, did not only aspire to control the "Lords," but endeavoured also to emulate Julius Cæsar, and dictate two or three despatches to different admirals at the same time. There is little fear of Mr. Bernal Osborne imitating his predecessor in this respect. The post he has gained has so sobered him down as to deprive him of the power of making jokes in Parliament, and his oratorical efforts there are confined to snubbing members who ask questions about certain promotions, and informing the country that political interest is altogether disregarded by the Admiralty, and that "certain families" cannot, as before, be omnipotent.

Whatever may be Mr. Bernal Osborne's sentiments as regards these "certain families" (and surely as Secretary to the Admiralty he ought to know nothing about the Navy), we must beg leave to dissent from his propositions about political influence. As we stated in a letter published in the *Leader* of the 19th of August, some people are suffered in the Navy to do what they like, merely because of their political connexions. In fact, political influence, in which we include the influence that naturally belongs to a great house, or to any member of the Governing Classes, is the "be all and end all" as regards naval appointments. We quote these words from the letter mentioned, and will proceed to substantiate their assertions by indisputable facts. "At this stage I shall have a great outcry raised, and I shall be told that Captain Cavendish has always thought the Navy one of the best professions that could be chosen. Captain Cavendish being of a certain family, has always served with certain captains, and has always met with the speediest promotion. His messmates knew better than to bully him, and the Admiralty knew better than to send him to disagreeable stations, or to make him serve under obnoxious captains. If he did anything that required notice, his conduct was extenuated; if he was to be tried by a court-martial, a picked selection of captains was sent out to try him.

He has walked through the service on velvet, and if he likes it, no one can wonder at his taste." As a fancy sketch of Captain Cavendish, or any other gentleman possessed of a name that would have delighted Peter Simple's boatwain, a man, clinging to the bottom of his family-tree as oysters and limpets cling to rocks in marshy, often deluged, tracts, this extract would excite little attention, and be passed over as a pure fiction. But when we inform the public that a young captain, bearing a name that has now, as it always had, an undue influence in the Navy, flogged a midshipman on board his ship, when such an action could not be passed by, by the most indulgent admirals, or Lords of the Admiralty; and when we proceed to inform them that a court-martial was demanded and found indispensable (though we confess that this portion of the tale is rather improbable, even though it is true), that a picked assortment of captains was actually sent out to try this captain, and that they indeed acquitted him most honourably, we feel that we are stating facts we should not dare to bring forward if they were not as true as the most well-known circumstances in the world. We will not enter into the details of this one case, nor do we attribute the least blame to the captain who figured as the chief in an occurrence disgraceful to officers and gentlemen, and doubly disgraceful to the high potentates who rule the Navy, and imagine they have a right divine because they govern wrong.

Let us next glance at the promotion that falls to the lot of these happy scions of the aristocracy. Some of the examinations they have to pass are merely gone through under the eyes of captains, and the dullest titled youth can frequently get through an examination when the cleverest untitled in the fleet is rejected. A person in the Navy has to pass four grand examinations. The first one is when he enters the service as naval cadet, when he is examined in "the three r's—reading, riting, and rithmetic." To speak officially, these are the qualifications for a naval cadet, and they may be found enclosed in every letter that calls youths from their homes to serve their country.

A naval cadet must not be under twelve years of age, and must produce a sufficient certificate, or other proof thereof, properly attested. He must be in good health, and fit for service, that is, free from impediment of speech, defect of vision, rupture, or other physical inefficiency. He must be able to write English from dictation, and must be acquainted with the rules of common arithmetic, including the rule of three.

Slight as this examination might seem to ragged schoolboys, it frequently proves an insurmountable barrier. Many youths have been turned back for not spelling, and many, high in rank in the navy, if now subjected to that examination, would fare no better. The next examination is that touching a cadet's qualifications to serve as midshipman, when he is expected to produce logs and certificates of good conduct for two years, and to have a due knowledge of arithmetic, geometry, and trigonometry, besides a number of technicalities which we will not inflict on our readers. Over this examination again presides one captain, who can soften the process to the *dile* of the service. The grand examination, however, is that for a lieutenancy, and this can be shirked by no one. It is a stiff examination, too, and has proved an obstacle to numbers. The only way for the titled dunces to avoid it, nor can they even then keep it off altogether, is to pass out on some foreign station, and remain for a long time in the position of acting-mates or acting-lieutenants. We remember distinctly how midshipmen used to pass for lieutenants in the Mediterranean while we were there. Three captains were appointed to examine a number of candidates, one of whom was a nephew of the First Lord, while the others were mere midshipmen, without political connexion. One of the examining captains was notorious throughout the fleet, and in fact throughout the whole service, as a martinet (there are two or three captains of this sort, who are known by report, and hated by every naval man, whether they are known to him personally or not). On the present occasion, the martinet proved equal to all expectations. He bothered the midshipmen by cross questions; asked them impossible questions, which no man in the world could answer; and turned them back by shoals. He was the sort of man who would place you in the position of Noah when the ark rested on Mount Ararat, and ask you how you would get her down. One midshipman was turned back because the martinet, in asking him a question of venerable antiquity, one that has been asked at every examination, and is known to every midshipman as being "a catch," forgot half the question, altered the purport of it, and then turned the youth back because he did not give the precise answer he would have done if the question had been complete.

After a number have thus been put back for six months, enter the nephew to the First Lord, a very undecided youth, all whose knowledge was confined to the simple fact of his existence as nephew to the First Lord. He might well be frightened on hearing what his predecessors had gone through. But to

him the martinet assumes a mild appearance, and proceeds to ask him questions which any naval cadet of six months' standing would be able to answer. Our readers may be as ignorant as the candidate for honours of the precise nature of the terms that follow, but they will see better than the martinet the qualifications of the young aspirant. The examination proceeded thus:—

Captain. Mr. —, I believe! Have the goodness to sit down, and make yourself quite comfortable. How would you get your ship under weigh?

Candidate (after a long pause). I should haul the anchor up.

Cap. Right enough for a beginning; but how would you proceed to perform that? You do not pass the cable itself round the capstan, do you?

Can. No, sir, decidedly not; the—the—

Cap. The messenger, as you were going to say. You fasten this to the cable?

Can. By ropes (doubtfully).

Cap. Precisely—by ropes, that is, stoppers; and then you heave round. By-the-bye, how is your uncle, the First Lord?

Can. (eagerly finding one question he can answer). Very well, thank you, sir; that is, not quite well.

Cap. (with true sympathy). Indeed, I am sorry to hear it. Well, you have passed your examination very well, and if you come in half an hour we'll sign your certificate!

Such was actually a fact, and such a midshipman really did pass in the way recorded. He was suffering to remain on the station for some time as acting mate before he departed for England. But on his arrival there he had to go through the examination, to whose severity I have before alluded. It consists of being examined in gunnery on board the "Excellent," and in arithmetic and navigation at "the college." It is needless to add the result of this candidate's examination there. We heard that he had been turned back twice, but are ignorant as to his after career.

We may, perhaps, have occasion to return to the Governing Classes afloat in a future paper. But though they cause indirectly a great deal of the disagreeableness that exists afloat, they are not the most prominent causes of the general dislike evinced for the service, and to those more important subjects our succeeding article shall be devoted.

LATE A MIDDY.

CRYSTAL PALACE NEWS ROOM.

(To the Editor of the Leader.)

SIR,—In order to remedy, in some degree, the evil effects of forcing people into public-houses to obtain the news of the day, and while the paper duty and Stamp Act so grievously interferes with the increase of newspapers, I would urge the necessity of providing public *Reading, or News Rooms*, in places of popular resort. An Educational Court at the Crystal Palace, where newspapers and the leading periodicals could be seen, as well as scholastic publications, by paying a small charge for admittance, would be a great accommodation and attraction, not only to men of letters, but to all classes.

Yours, &c.,
M. H. FEILDE.

THE DUTIES OF THE CLERGY.

(To the Editor of the Leader.)

SIR,—Public controversy—will your correspondents pardon me for saying so?—is not my favourite occupation. I thought the Church to which my services are vowed misrepresented, and, however unintentionally, calumniated, and accordingly said as much; but I must be pardoned for not entering in a discussion of "verbal inspiration." Yet so much I will say for the satisfaction of Mr. Birch (I ought to write "of the M.A." since he has so humorously denominated me "the Curate"), that there is no point on which the orthodox apprehensions of any congregation are liable to be more easily and painfully excited than this very one of the Inspiration of Holy Writ, and this most reasonably; because if this be once set aside—Church authority being ignored—there would remain no barrier whatever to the inroads of individual rationalism. Therefore, if the imaginary or real clergyman of the Portfolio confesses to having shown, unconsciously or not, that he did not believe in the inspiration of the Old Testament (we need not take account of the word "verbal," for it is absolutely certain that a congregation would not!) I am fully justified in my remark, that he had no right to complain of being thenceforth regarded with extreme suspicion by the great body of his parishioners.

A definition of the exact limits of inspiration might be difficult: I will not attempt it; and will only add, for fear of misconception, that I fully and from my heart accept the 6th Article of the English Church, to which Mr. Birch refers, and that no man can do so, in my judgment, who does not believe in the historical truth of the Old Testament, and in the divine inspiration of Moses, David, and the Prophets.

To pass to Mr. Domville's inquiry, how I can re-

concile the neglect of the 59th Canon for public catechising "with common honesty," I beg to ask him whether he does not know that the Church of England has been stripped by the State of the right to meet in Council for correction and furtherance of discipline; and that, under these circumstances, it having become impossible to adapt the Canons to the exigencies of the times, some of them have fallen into absolute abeyance? Canons, which are not and have not been enforced for 150 years—are they really, all of them, binding in *pro conscientia*?—or only such of them as Mr. Domville, or any other individual, may happen to consider commendable? Give us the free working of Convocation, and we shall soon distinguish betwixt obsolete and essential Canons, and constrain obedience to such as shall be then confirmed.

Meanwhile, as a matter of fact, public catechising (though too often neglected) is by no means universally so. I suppose Mr. Domville does not think that the essence of the Canon consists in the half hour before the time of service? In the church and parish which I am privileged to assist in serving, we have, on the Sunday, besides one cottage-service, morning, afternoon, and evening prayers. In the course of the afternoon service public catechising takes place after the second lesson. Does not this fairly meet the intention of the Canon? But, further, the Canon alluded to obviously contemplates a state of ecclesiastical discipline which it is well nigh impossible to realise in any parish—nay, "the spirit of the age," good or evil, would forbid its literal execution. Could the adult "ignorants," could servants, could apprentices, could growing youths and maids be easily prevailed upon to exhibit their defective knowledge before a gazing and listening congregation? A sense of personality, with its consequences—pride and shame, did not exist in the year 1603 in the sense in which it now governs well nigh all minds: the world was more naive then; moderns, perhaps, will say—more barbarous. Be that as it may, a more private procedure is now eminently desirable for all who have reached the age of adolescence—say 16. On this ground many clergymen have private classes of young people before or after service (I have one such myself every Sunday morning) to instruct them in the elementary truths of religion and duties of morality.

Finally, no man can have a deeper sense than myself of the practical deficiencies of the English Church: the only wonder is in her past state of servitude, that she has retained all essentials, and has still so strong a hold on the national heart and mind. But she is a living branch of the universal Church of Christ: God is in her, despite her weakness, and therefore she cannot fail.

I remain, Sir, your very obedient servant,
ARCHER GURNEY,
Curate of Buckingham.

"A CLERGYMAN'S EXPERIENCE OF SOCIETY."

(To the Editor of the Leader.)

89, Great Portland-street, Portland-place, Sept. 4, 1854.

SIR,—Will you allow me, a working-man, and a Member of the Established Church of England, that Church which is said by the writer of the fine letters printed in your columns, "to occupy a position as he thinks halting ever between two opinions, serving God and Mammon, founded in lust, nursed by tyranny, supported by opinion," to say that my opinion of the laity, the clergy, and the bishops, is as good now, as it was before I read the said to be, and perhaps truly so, experience of one whom I think has evidenced in his writing, that he has been, and is, "unstable as water."

In referring to the ordination service for deacons, I find that your contributor has said that "he trusts he is inwardly moved by the Holy Ghost to take upon him that office," and again that, "he unfeignedly believes all the canonical Scriptures of the Old and New Testament," and in the ordering of priests "that he thinks in his heart, that he is truly called, according to the will of our Lord Jesus Christ to the order and ministry of priesthood." Once more, has he not subscribed to the 39 articles? Allow me to ask now, if I am mistaken when I affirm that it is the conclusion every intelligent reader would come to that has read the letters alluded to, that the author of them did not believe at the time what he took an oath he did in his heart? This being the case, your readers will know best what value to set upon this clergyman's assertions.

I feel suspicious of a man who writes for Popery, and yet is so timid lest his readers should think for one moment that he should be understood as wishing to favour either popes or cardinals. What he says of the Puseyite party, and their *servent piety*, and their beautiful picture of the early church, "with its perfect system adapted to every want, a shelter for every sorrow, a home for every joy," is all very pretty, and no doubt to a lovely young girl, one we may well suppose ignorant of the depravity of her own heart, and that a "sainthood" was not to be

won by feelings and notions, by beautiful architecture, elaborately finished paintings, and soft melodious music, with works of righteousness which we can do, but as in an earlier church, the church that has been, and now is, and ever will be—the elect—who, that Third Person of the Trinity, who convinces of sin, and leads to the only Saviour, in whom they have "wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption." I will only add that neither myself, nor any other Sabbath school teacher, whether male or female, with whom I am acquainted, desire, for one moment, to part with the peace and joy which we have through a lively faith in a living, pleading, and coming Saviour, for the earthy, sensual, and superstitious religion of "Rome," or "Exeter." Is this wise?" Yes it is.
J. CLIFFORD PARKER.

INDIA.

(To the Editor of the Leader.)

SIR,—Your kindness in inserting my former very desultory letters emboldens me to trouble you once more with a few remarks on the subject of our Indian Empire. This time I would direct your attention to the unfair and anomalous position of the Uncovenanted Service. I need not remind you that the Government of India is, in fact, an oligarchy, the members of which exercise in their way, the exclusiveness that characterises that system of rule. The actual governors of the country are the Civil Servants of the Honourable Company; and, taking them as a body of well-educated, upright gentlemen, nothing can be said against them. But their education is not appropriate. It is not the sort of training that is best calculated to make good magistrates and judges, as well as collectors of the revenue. Something more is wanted than a knowledge of Latin and Greek, or a slight acquaintance with Sanscrit roots. It is necessary for a ruler, that he should be familiar with the spirit and circumstances of his own times, and of the people he is called upon to govern. And this sort of thing is not to be acquired at Haileybury College, nor does it come by intuition. But there is one thing which is acquired at Haileybury, and that is a class feeling. The young civilians look upon themselves as a superior caste—as the "twice-born,"—the elect of their countrymen. The consequence is, that they hold themselves not only far above the native population, but even above their military brethren; while bankers, merchants, journalists, and "other" adventurers, are regarded as outside barbarians. This feeling is traditional, and took its rise in the times when few persons proceeded to India unconnected with the Company, save those whose antecedents would not bear a very close inspection.

In the beginning, the Civil Service was conducted by a mere handful of individuals, but as our empire increased, it was found necessary to add to the number of the magistrates. This soon became extremely burdensome, owing to the amount of salaries and pensions. It was therefore resolved to institute a secondary corps, generally known as the Uncovenanted Service, because its members can be dismissed at any time, without trial and a without pension. At present a very large proportion of the public business is transacted by this body. They are employed as clerks in Government offices, and may rise to the rank of deputy collector. Their salary may also be gradually brought up to 600 rupees a month. But this is the highest point to which they may attain, no matter how splendid their abilities, how sound their knowledge, how immaculate their character. In a social point of view they are nowhere. Even men of gentlemanly birth and accomplishments are not recognised as members of society. And yet in the Uncovenanted Service you will find very many who know more of the real wants of India, of the language, habits and feelings of the natives, than the oldest judges of the Sudder Ameen. Why then should not the government of the country be thrown open to all who are competent to take a part in it? If merit were the only criterion, some of the covenanted magnates would soon find themselves outrun in the race by the very men they now affect to look down upon. They tell you, indeed, that the uncovenanted are generally of low habits, that they drink, that they marry native women, and that they themselves are often coloured men, and that in short no gentleman could associate with them. There is something of truth in this, but if the cause were removed the effect would vanish. Men of fine feelings, unless greatly reduced in circumstances, will hardly enter a service that places them in such a false position. If the service of the Government were an open one, there would be no lack of candidates even for the inferior grades, though these would after a time become the abiding places of only the incompetent. The country would of course gain immensely by the energy thus infused into its administration, but it is just possible that the sons and nephews of Directors might fail to win the highest prizes. This is the startling objection—this the stumbling block and rock of offence.

J. H.

Literature.

Critics are not the legislators, but the judges and police of literature. They do not make laws—they interpret and try to enforce them.—*Edinburgh Review*.

THE *Dublin University Magazine* of this month is more than usually Irish in its topics, but very good. It gives us, of course, the verdict of the Irish Conservatives on the Coalition Government and the past session. This is, in brief, that "through sins of omission and of commission, death has come over the prestige of the Coalition; that the Government has suffered in character, and no one seems to have gained by the loss." From an article on "The Irish Industrial Exhibition of 1853" we extract the following, referring to one important result of that Exhibition—the institution of an Irish National Gallery of Art.

"At present Art is almost nothing in Ireland. It is unpatronised, undervalued, if not despised. Our great names adorn the English Academy; not that they prefer another country to their own, but because they are unappreciated at home. If, however, the love of Art should spread, and exercise as wide an influence among us as in some of the Continental states, then may we expect to mature a Barry, a MacLise, a Foley, and a McDowell, and retain then where all their sympathies are centred, in the land of their birth. To cultivate this extensive and intelligent appreciation of pure Art we have looked with sanguine hope to the Irish Institution, as the germ of a Public Gallery, founded on a proper basis, and open to all classes of the people. But we certainly did not anticipate that success would follow the exertions of the committee of that institution so rapidly as it has done, and the result, therefore, is all the more gratifying. The Irish National Gallery is now legally constituted by an Act, whose provisions seem to place it on a proper basis, and to guarantee its efficient management. Its governing body, which is to hold office for five years, contains the names of several Irish artists and well-known connoisseurs; and we trust that every lover of Art will promote their objects by all means within his power."

Ireland, thus rejoicing in the prospect of a native school of painting and sculpture, seems to be no less interested, at present, in looking up her music. We learn at least from a prospectus, inserted in the *Dublin Monthly Journal of Industrial Progress*, that a society has been formed for the preservation and publication of the Melodies of Ireland. DR. PETRIE, the well-known Irish antiquarian and historian, himself an enthusiast in music, and the possessor of a collection of upwards of 500 unpublished Irish airs, is the President of the Society, and has placed his collection at its disposal; various Irish noblemen are among the vice-presidents. The following is an extract from the prospectus:—

"The preservation and publication of the immense quantity of National Music still existing in Ireland, and of which much is yet unwritten, have long been a desideratum among those who are acquainted with the great extent and value of some private collections. Among these, like almost unknown, many hundreds of Airs hitherto unpublished in any form, and which range through every class of pure Irish Music, from the most elevated style of ancient vocal melody, down to the smooth-flowing graceful songs of the last two centuries; and among which are preserved, very many, too, of those vigorous, dance-compelling, quick tunes, which cannot be equalled by any similar music of other countries. Besides these collections, a considerable quantity of airs, not yet noted down, is to be found current, as it is well-known among the peasantry in all parts of the country. The Society has been instituted for the purpose of Preserving, Classifying, and Publishing these airs of every kind, and likewise all such words (whether in the Irish or English language) connected with any of them, as appear to possess any peculiar interest. The Preservation of existing Irish Music is proposed to be effected by the collection and classification of all such as has been already noted down on paper, and by the formation of a central depot in Dublin, to which persons having opportunities of noting down what is still unwritten may be invited to send copies of any airs which they can obtain, either in Ireland or among our countrymen in other lands. Many very beautiful Airs have been already procured since the establishment of the Society. The Council invites every Irishman and every Irishwoman too, to send copies of any Irish Airs they may possess, or may find any means of procuring, to either of the Honorary Secretaries, by whom they will be submitted to the Committee charged with their arrangement and preservation. The Publication of our National Music will also be proceeded with by the Society, to the utmost extent that the subscriptions they may receive will allow."

Our next note from the Magazines refers to Ireland too. The *Rambler*, the able monthly organ of the English Catholics, thus speaks of the duties of Catholics with respect to the new Catholic University established in Ireland, more particularly as that University is likely to be affected by the movement for admitting Catholics to the English Universities. The following will be read with interest by those who watch the 'Catholic element' in British society:—

"The third of next November will be the commencement of a new era in the history of the Catholics of Great Britain and Ireland. What our forefathers did for this country in Oxford and Cambridge is about to be repeated for the advantage of the present generation in Dublin. From those ancient seats of learning we, the children of their founders, have for three centuries been expelled. At Cambridge, indeed, Catholic students have long been admitted, but they have not been permitted to take a degree; and Oxford, under compulsion, is about to grant us the same 'favour.' For ourselves, however, we most heartily trust that no Catholics will be found to avail themselves of the permission thus accorded. It would be a most pernicious thing for any young Catholic to receive his education at Protestant hands, whether those hands were High-Church, Low-Church, Latitudinarian, Nonconformist, or Infidel. Education can no more be dis severed from religion than matter from its properties of form and colour. We had better remain as we are, exiles from our natural homes, till England ceases to be a kingdom, than barter our faith, our honour, our manliness, our self-respect, our character among our fellow-countrymen, for the questionable advantages of such a teaching as Oxford and Cambridge can give, and that worldly position which the distinctions of those Universities confer on those who share them. We therefore trust that, notwithstanding the 'opening' made for us by acts of the legislature or the English Universities themselves, our gentry and aristocracy will hold themselves aloof from the seducing bait, and will prefer the advantages of Catholic learning and the honours of a Catholic seminary to that fictitious knowledge and that tarnished reputation which are all that Oxford and Cambridge could confer on us. We do not say that all the knowledge is fictitious, and all the reputation tarnished, which they confer on their Protestant sons: far from it. It is for us only that they have nothing to give, without the assistance on our part of all that is most honourable in this life and most precious in the next. They cannot be purely Catholic seminaries, therefore let them be purely Protestant. We ask no admission into their walls, no share in their splendid possessions. We are content to visit those venerable halls, to tread those antique cloisters, to wander amidst those shadowy groves and blooming gardens, as strangers, as exiles, as men from whom the present possessors turn away with gloomy frowns and looks askance; ourselves content to learn, not to err, not repining, not uncharitable bigotry, but an emulation of the great men who, centuries before Protestantism was born, reared churches, schools, libraries, and

colleges, in the service of that faith which still is ours, while all else is lost. Emulating, therefore, the wisdom and works of our ancestors, and not envying those who have so long enjoyed the fruit of their labours, the Irish episcopate, under the direction of the Pope, have laid the foundation of another Catholic University, which will commence active work on the 3rd of next November."

Among English Magazines of the month, besides *Blackwood* and *Fraser*, noticed last week, we have a good, but somewhat chaotic *Tait*, containing, under the title of 'Glimpses of the Church-World,' a prediction of, and aspiration after, the ultimate evanescence of what the writer calls 'Priestism' from the face of the earth—the notion being that each man ought to be his own priest, and that though churches and church-officers may exist, they must exist apart from any sacerdotal organisation. We have also a tolerably varied *National Miscellany*, with an interesting article on that scholarly subject, "English Hexameters." We have also our monthly democratic friend, the *Northern Tribune*, published in Newcastle-on-Tyne, with the dying words of Goethe, "Light, more light!" for its motto (a version surely, in this instance, of the more common saying, "Coals to Newcastle"), and containing, *inter alia*, a capital introductory paper, advocating the necessity, in the present lock-fast state of politics, of a new national party, and urging Newcastle, as a stronghold of democratic opinions, to take the initiative in the out-of-Parliament agitation for compelling the formation of this party. After commenting on the present powerlessness of the country, and even of the Parliament on all matters of foreign policy, the writer recommends a movement for the formation of a party pledged not only to Liberal measures at home, but also to a resolute crusade against Secret Diplomacy. He says:—

"Somebody must begin. Why not Newcastle? Have we not men enough, hearts, and intellects, and wills? Let an association be formed of all who acknowledge the right of mankind: no matter how few begin, so that they are men of character whom their fellow-townsmen can be content to intrust with a temporary leadership, merely as initiators of the movement. Let Newcastle men, so many as think only the carrying out of this war a matter which should be under the national direction, let Newcastle men who would make an united nation of the various classes now at war in our own confines, let all Newcastle men who respect right, and who can forget little differences, join together in this Newcastle Association. It will be something. Other towns, even to the whole country, may follow the one earnest lead, and the nation be established. Only make the earnest beginning."

It is curious to observe the different verdicts that come from different quarters on the late session of Parliament. We have mentioned what the monthly Irish Conservative Magazine says on the subject; and we have just hinted what the Newcastle Liberals think on the subject. From almost all quarters, in fact, there is a pretty unanimous profession of fatigue with the coalition experiment, and the late session of coalitionism. Here, however, we have an English voluntary or Anti-State-Church organ, called the *Monthly Christian Spectator*, congratulating its constituents on the results of the session for their cause. The Irish Conservative organ, as we saw, said that the upshot of the session was that Government had lost its prestige and that no party had been the gainer. The *Christian Spectator*, however, taking stock for the voluntaries, as distinct from either the coalitionists or their opponents, boldly says that, having during the last session, pursued a line of action, "sharply defined and unswervingly adhered to," they have now "the felicity of finding that their position has been strengthened contemporaneously with the decline of every other political section." Among the items of gain to the voluntaries during the session, this figures very prominently—that "the session has been fruitful in successful resistance to mischievous measures." "Fruitful in successful resistance"—what a phrase! Fruitful in negation!

But, among the minor Magazines of this month, we have been pleased with none so much as with a modest sixpenny one, entitled *Our Friend*, published by Mr. SHAW. It seems to possess superior literary merit throughout. 'Hogarth, and the Times he lived in,' is a careful and pleasing biographic sketch—just such as we like to find in a magazine. Here is a piece of it:—

"He was in the habit of taking notes of characters on his thumb-nail, or the palm of his hand. Of these mere sketches, the most amusing are a man drinking at a pump; a fat man rolling on his back like a turtle; two fat members of the Bedford Arms Club asleep; and, among others of the unfinished 'Happy Marriage,' a watch-maker, a parish parson, and an old maid; the latter of which is the portrait of an old maiden relative—who cut him off, in consequence, with a shilling."

"On another occasion, when with his friend Hayman, he stopped to see two women who were quarrelling in a cellar; one of them filled her mouth with brandy, and spirted it into her antagonist's eyes. 'Look at the brimstone's-mouth!' cried Hogarth, and instantly it was down on paper. It is to be still viewed in the tavern scene in the 'Rake's Progress.'"

"Hogarth is described as a fond husband. He seems never to have employed his wife as a model, unless she sat for his 'Segismunda.' It is remarkable, too, that, with only one exception, he should never have illustrated any scene from Shakspeare. His dog Trump, which he has introduced into two pictures, is as well known as Sir Isaac Newton's Diamond. Barry says, 'he saw Hogarth once in Cranbourne-alley, dressed in a sky-blue coat, encouraging a boy who had been bullied to fight; he was patting the fellow on the back, and looking steadfastly at the expression in the coward's face, cried, "Damn him, if I would take it of him; at him again."'

"He is described as strutting about the auction-room, when his 'Marriage à la Mode' was to be sold, full dressed—taking great precaution for fear the rooms should be overcrowded. Bitter was his dismay when only two persons arrived, and the pictures were knocked down for one hundred and ten guineas."

"Hogarth was a thorough Englishman; his Frenchmen are always thin, his Englishmen stout. Walpole describes a dinner, at which he sat between Gray and Hogarth—tragedy and comedy—as the most miserable night he ever spent, he being the only person who kept up the conversation."

"Hogarth's sisters kept a ready-made clothes-shop in Little Britain; he was kind to them, and helped them with money. One sister survived him; and his wife lived till 1789, supported by the sale of his prints, and a Royal Academy annuity of 40*l*. He was kind to his relations, and he died in the arms of his cousin, Mary Lewis, who lived with him. His domestics remained many years in his service, and he painted all their portraits, and hung them up in his house. He used also to present them with small engravings of the 'Harlot's Progress,' to keep by them for warning and instruction."

"Hogarth was short of stature, his features coarse, but full of dogged sense and humour, his eyes bright and piercing, and his forehead disfigured by a scar, which he did not care to

conceal. He was quick in retort, and satirical, but always generous and cheerful. He was frugal, but not stingy; vain and obstinate; unjust in his depreciations of the old masters; and arrogant if opposed in controversy."

In the same magazine there is a brief article, called 'Smoke-Clouds,' standing up for tobacco against its present numerous enemies. We will let the smoker speak for himself, and thank him at least for the facts he accumulates for us in the following passage:—

"The plants of God's earth are not given alone to blight and kill. Every poison is a medicine to some animal or another. Prussic acid heals, and arsenic soothes. Tobacco is a safe agent, detergent, expectorant, and diuretic. It abates the cholera, and moderates the agonies of spasmodic asthma. It stimulates the kidneys and diminishes dropsy. The juice cleanses ulcers, and is useful in cutaneous diseases. It is given extensively in epilepsy, and has been used to advantage in cases of lockjaw and hydrophobia.

"It is actually the base of one of the best of our cosmetics—the Balm of Columbia—it cures the mange in dogs, and kills the blight on plants.

"A benevolent man, who proves his wish to save time by throwing it away on foolish calculations, has discovered that, in forty years, a snuff-taker devotes twenty-four months to blowing his nose. In the same time he has also spent, we have calculated, eighteen months in putting on his stockings and pulling them off again. He proves that snuff-takers form a large portion of the inmates of all lunatic asylums, so do grocers and costermongers.

"The world is full of these coincidences. How did Eliot and Steel become partners? Why is Bawl an election master, and why are Sexton and Coffin quack doctors?

"The history of smoking is brief. It was invented by savages, as the saw and the lyre were. Sir Francis Drake brought the leaf to Europe in 1580, and Sir Walter Raleigh introduced the practice of smoking it about 1584. But long before this, Jean Nicot, the French ambassador in Portugal, had carried it to France, and taught Marie de Medicis to take it in snuff. From Nicot it derives its botanical designation, *Nicotiana*, and its alias, tobacco, from the Indian name of the island Tobago. That wonderful people, the Chinese, however, seemed to have always smoked tobacco; and the Irish are known to have used some herb possessing similar properties, a duddeen being, it is said, inserted in the helmet of an old monument of one of their early kings. Raleigh smoked in his dungeon in the Tower while the headman was grinding his axe. King James detested the 'loathsome thing,' and so did his luckless son. Cromwell loved his pipe, and dictated his despatches to Milton over some burning Trinitado, or pleasant smelling Nicotine.

"Perhaps the most surprising thing in literature is that no mention of tobacco is found in all Shakespeare, although the earlier Spencer mentions it several times, and the later Ben Jonson actually founded plays upon the practice.

"Tobacco is a martyr; it burns itself to benefit the world. It perishes, like Semele, a victim to our love. Like all other good things, it has been persecuted. Potatoes were once held suspicious; and people threw away tea, because the leaves were tough and bitter. In 1624, Pope Urban VII., the old woman, published a bull excommunicating all persons who took snuff during divine service; and old women have been fond of snuff ever since, from the mere spirit of opposition. The Sultan Amurath IV. made smoking a capital offence; and he was right, for it is a very capital affair. In Russia, a snuff-taker was ingeniously cured of the habit by having his nose cut off, while smokers had a pipe bored through the same useful projection.

"In 1661, the Canton of Bern introduced an eleventh commandment, 'Thou shalt not smoke.' In 1719, the wise senate of Strasburg prohibited the cultivation of tobacco, fearing it would interfere with corn. King James wrote a book against it, as did his drunken brother of Denmark. In 1682, a troop of horse were armed and sent into the western counties, to destroy the tobacco crops, lest they should encroach on the American plantations. There is even said to be a law in existence, imposing a penalty of four shillings for every rod of ground planted with it.

"But tobacco has had its bards and its defenders. Casar Duranti wrote verses upon it. Thoreau called it,

"Planta beata, decus terrarum."

"A Dutch poet wrote an ode to it. The great took it up. Dr. Ratcliffe recommended snuff to his brethren. Dr. Johnson kept his snuff in his waistcoat pocket, and so did Frederick the Great. Robert Hall smoked in his vestry; and Napoleon took rappee by the handful. Philosophers have drawn their best similes from their pipes. How could they have done so had their pipes first been drawn from them? We see the sparks go upwards, we think of life; we see the smoke-wreath fade away; we remember the morning cloud. Our pipe breaks; we mourn the fragility of earthly pleasures; we smoke it to an end, and tapping out the ashes, remember 'dust we are, and unto dust we shall return.' If we are in love, we garnish a whole sonnet with images drawn from smoking; and first fill our pipe, and then tune it; that spark kindles like her eye, is ruddy as her lip; this slender ash is white as her hand, and slim as her waist—till her raven hair grows grey as these ashes. I will love her; this perfume is not sweeter than her breath, though sweeter than all else. This odour 'ascends me into the brain, fills it full of all fiery delectable shapes, which delivered over to the tongue, which is the birth, become excellent wit.' In the smoke clouds I see visions.

"This plant has been watered more often than any other with the blood of man. The mailed Spaniard and red-plumed Indian have fought round it, and gold-seekers have drenched it with the gore of negroes. One whole continent has been enriched by it, and to cultivate it another continent has been depopulated. Negroes have prayed to their Fetiches beside it; the enslaved seamen have cursed it as they toiled to strip it of the leaf. Many a dead Cacique has smoked it at the war council, and many a grave grey-bearded Spaniard, who had fought at Lepanto, or bled in the Low Countries. Old soldiers of Cromwell have smoked it; while the Indians of Darden bartered their gold for English beads; or the swarthy Buccaneers looked on, handling their dreaded muskets.

"We deny the necessary evils of smoking, or of snuff-taking. If spitting diminishes the saliva requisite for digestion, men need not spit; if swallowing the essential oil is injurious, men may spit."

A second Edition of Mr. PHILLIP'S *General Guide Book to the Crystal Palace* has just been published—new plans, maps, &c. having been inserted, and the letter-press revised throughout, and extended in some important particulars. We learn, by the bye, from the *Times*, that the special handbooks, giving information about the various departments of the Exhibition—though prepared by men of distinguished eminence—have had but a slow sale; the intellectual public, it appears, not appreciating pearls of this kind, and even "the more educated and intelligent classes" not seeming to trouble themselves with any more intimate acquaintance with the contents of the Palace than they can take by the cheap method of simply throwing their eyes over the objects. On the other hand, 100,000 copies of the General Shilling Handbook have been sold; and it is hoped that, as generalities lead to particulars, the demand for the special Handbook will increase. At the same time, it is hinted that something more cheap and brief and popular even than the General Shilling Handbook might be found useful for the "million"—some penny or twopenny sheet within the reach of all understandings and all pockets. This matter of Handbooks and Catalogues to public Exhibitions, is one which requires a good deal of looking into. The principle of the thing is, we believe, that people take interest in Exhibitions only in as far as their previous knowledge enables them to ask questions about what they see.

It is rumoured that a "Life and Correspondence" of the Countess of

Blessington is soon to be given to the world. Among the "Lives and Correspondencies" which the world is presented with every season, few are likely to interest it more. We hope it will be well edited. Some extended subjects of the biographical kind have been ruined by bad editing—amongst others the *Life of Wilberforce* by his sons, is a positive literary parricide.

The *Musical World* attacks its transatlantic namesake, The *New York Musical World and Times*, (the editor of which is the celebrated N. P. WILLIS), for outraging the properties of journalism—first, in accusing all the other New York journals of accepting bribes for puffing certain musical celebrities who have been "starring it" in America; and secondly, in having published an atrocious scandal against a musical artist recently dead. We know nothing of the facts of the controversy, but we suspect the charge against the American newspapers, of accepting bribes is no better founded, than the similar charges sometimes recklessly made against the metropolitan press of this country.

Among the other serials of the month which have come under our notice are:—Part VI of the *Land we Live In*, devoted to North Derbyshire, the hosiery districts, and Hull and its neighbourhood; a new mathematical number of the *Circle of the Sciences*; a "Domestic Cookery" number of the series of *Household Handbooks*; the first number of a work on the *Battlegrounds of Great Britain*, with beautiful coloured illustrations; the third number of Mr. BARNARD'S *Theory and Practice of Landscape-Painting in Water-Colours*, also finely illustrated; and the current numbers of the *Family Friend and Home Companion*, all from the prolific press of Messrs. ORR and Co. We observe, by-the-bye, that, in imitation of *Household Words*, the *Home Companion* is to present its readers with a novel, in successive numbers; and we are glad to find that Mr. HANNAY, the well-known author of "Singleton Fonteroy," is to be the author of the novel announced as immediately forthcoming.

The *Art-Journal* for September contains three large engravings—"The Council of War at Tournay," from Haghe's picture in the Vernon Gallery; "The Autumn Gift," from a fruit-picture of Lance, in the same gallery; and an engraving of Pyne's picture of "Windsor Castle."

HUNGARIAN SKETCHES.

Hungarian Sketches in Peace and War. From the Hungarian of Moritz Jokai. Constable and Co.

ANOTHER series of Foreign Literature. New competitors with the enterprising publishers who have won fame and fortune by grafting on the English mind the thoughts of men of other lands. Messrs. Constable announce their intention "to present to the British public a series of the most popular accessions which the literature of the globe is constantly receiving." The series will include works from all parts of the world. From the north and east of Europe, from the less fertile field of Asia, and from America, the English reader will be made acquainted with the current literature. We do not fear that the market will be overstocked; and it is important to announce, in the first instance, that the cost of each volume will be three shillings and sixpence—a price which sufficiently points out the class of readers to whom this fresh appeal is made.

The opening volume of the series is well chosen. Its title is an adequate description of its contents. It is what it pretends to be, a dozen sketches of Hungarian life at one of the most interesting periods of Hungarian history. The author, by name Moritz Jokai, is one of the most popular among the Hungarian novelists who appeared before the revolution of 1848. The stories now before us "embody descriptions of several of the direst scenes of the civil war which devastated Hungary from 1848 to 1850." It is only of late years that Hungary can be said to have possessed a national literature. Almost up to the year 1825, the nobles had spent their time in luxurious indolence, supported only by the labour of the peasant. For the last quarter of a century a great change has been visible. Noble counts have condescended to employ their leisure in literary pursuits, and the encouragement they afforded to the latent genius of their countrymen produced the most astonishing results. But Hungary had no sooner risen from her intellectual sleep, than she encountered fresh obstacles. The Court of Vienna could not tolerate this growth of public opinion. Slaves of a foreign yoke, the children of the conquerors of Europe, endured, in their turn, the curse of conquest. Not only did their rulers exclude from public office all who were distinguished by their assertion of national rights, but an omnipotent censorship was presently established to crush or weaken the attempts to create a national literature. And yet,—we quote from a preface by Emeric Szabad—

"Such was the mental activity of the present generation, that Hungarian literature, despite the numerous obstacles it had to encounter, made rapid progress, and created in the minds of the people a spirit of inquiry and a desire after intellectual pursuits hitherto unknown. Never before had the cultivated tongues of the West been so much studied, or so many valuable translations made from the German, French, and English literatures. The influence of the first was originally the strongest, and that several of the leading writers in philosophy and history took for their model the German school, will appear no matter of surprise. The rising writers of a more recent date, however, insensibly turned their attention to the more lively literature of France, and afterwards to that of Britain; and while some read with rapture the fictions of Scott, Bulwer and Dickens, politicians learned to admire the doctrines of Adam Smith and Jeremy Bentham. Of poets, more were extensively read and more generally admired than Byron and Moore. Thus did the literary progress march on boldly and combine with the new political movement to further a change which had already made itself felt in every grade of society, and which was the more remarkable and satisfactory from having followed a too long period of stagnation."

Among the young Hungarian writers, Moritz Jokai holds a prominent place. He has achieved remarkable success among his countrymen as an author of prose fictions—a species of national literature which can scarcely date back more than fifteen years, and which possesses a peculiar interest

from the fact that it escaped, in a great measure, the watchful jealousy of the censor. If political discussions were forbidden in the public journals, abundant opportunities were afforded to the novelist. Often, in the description of scenes of domestic life, we come across allusions "only too well understood by those to whom they were addressed." The *Hungarian Sketches* were written subsequently to that terrible civil war of which the recollections are still too fresh, and which terminated in the disastrous defeat of the Slavonic population in the south of Hungary. Haynau was sent to complete the work, to kill, imprison, and impoverish the men who had dared to raise a voice or unsheath a sword in the cause of national independence. It was only when he began to weary of his degrading task that Hungarian literature revived. Jokai, in conjunction with "a few straggling literati," commenced a literary periodical, and these sketches, written under the name of 'Sajo,' are among the few works which escaped the vigilant censorship of Austria. We have only to add that, apart from the almost painful interest with which they are associated, from the very nature of their subject, the reader will find in these tales the most vivid and obviously truthful descriptions of Hungarian life. They are translated by an Hungarian, who seems to have an extraordinary command of English; and not the least charm they possess is that of novelty. We shall make no apology for the length of our extracts. The first is taken from the story of the *Burdy Family*:

"It was the early spring of 1818.
A party, consisting of thirteen persons, had assembled in the dining-room. They were all members of one family, and all bore the name of BARDY."

"At the head of the board sat the grandmother, an old lady of eighty years of age, whose snow-white hair was dressed according to the fashion of her times beneath her high white cap. Her face was pale and much wrinkled, and the eyes turned constantly upwards, as in the case with persons who have lost their sight. Her hand and voice trembled with age, and there was something peculiarly striking in the thick snow-white eyebrows."

"On her right hand sat her eldest son, Thomas Burdy, a man of between fifty and sixty. With a haughty and commanding countenance, penetrating glance, lofty figure, and noble mien, he was a true type of that ancient aristocracy which is now beginning to die out."

"Opposite him, at the old lady's left hand, sat the darling of the family—a lovely girl of about fifteen. Her golden hair fell in luxuriant tresses round a countenance of singular beauty and sweetness. The large and lustrous deep-blue eyes were shaded by long dark lashes, and her complexion was pale as the lily, excepting when she smiled or spoke, and a slight flush like the dawn of morning overspread her cheeks."

"Beside her was the orphan child of a distant relative, whom the Bards had adopted. They could not allow one who bore their name to suffer want; and it seemed as if each member of the family had united to heap affection and endearment on the orphan girl and thus prevent her from feeling herself a stranger among them."

"There were still two other female members of the family: Katalin, the old lady's daughter, who had been for many years a widow; and the wife of one of her sons, a pretty young woman, who was trying to teach the little prattler at her side to use the golden spoon which she had placed in his small fat hand, while he laughed and crowed, and the family did their best to guess what he said, or what he most preferred."

"Opposite to them there sat two gentlemen. One of them was the husband of the young mother, Josef Burdy—a handsome man of about five-and-thirty, with regular features, and black hair and beard; a constant smile beamed on his gay countenance, while he playfully addressed his little son and gentle wife across the table. The other was his brother, Barnabas—a man of herculean form and strength. His face was marked by small-pox; he was neither beard nor moustache, and his hair was combed smoothly back, like a peasant's. His disposition was melancholy and taciturn; but he seemed constantly striving to atone, by the amiability of his manners, for an unprepossessing exterior."

"Next to him sat a little cripple, whose pale countenance bore that expression of suffering so peculiar to the deformed; while his lank hair, bony hands, and misshapen shoulders awakened the beholder's pity. He too, was an orphan—a grandchild of the old lady; his parents had died some years before."

"Two little boys of about five years old sat opposite to him. They were dressed alike, and the resemblance between them was so striking that they were constantly mistaken. They were twin-children of the young couple."

"At the lower end of the table sat Imre Burdy, a young man of twenty, whose handsome countenance was full of life and intelligence, his figure manly and graceful, and his manners courteous and agreeable: a slight moustache was beginning to shade his upper lip, and his dark hair fell in natural ringlets round his head. He was the only son of the majordomo, Thomas Burdy, and resembled him much in form and feature."

"Beside him sat an old gentleman, with white hair and a ruddy complexion. This was Simon Burdy, an ancient relative, who had grown old with the grandmother of the family."

"The same peculiarity characterised every countenance in the Burdy family—namely, the lofty forehead and marked brows, and the large deep-blue eyes, shaded by their heavy dark lashes."

"How singular!" exclaimed one of the party; "we are thirteen at table to-day."

"One of us will surely die," said the old lady; and there was a mournful conviction in the faint trembling tones."

"O no, grandmother! we are only twelve and a half," exclaimed the young mother, taking the little one on her knee. "This little fellow only counts half on the railroad."

"All the party laughed at this remark; even the little cripple's pale countenance relaxed into a sickly smile."

"Ay, ay," continued the old lady, "the trees are now putting forth their verdure; but at the fall of the leaf, who knows if all, or any of us, may still be sitting here?"

Several months had passed, and the eldest son had left the castle to take his part in the Civil War. On his way, he fell in with a wild band of Wallachians, and was only rescued by the generous interposition of the leader—Numa, Decurio of the Romish legion—who sheltered him in his own house. In the morning, the rude conquerors were assembled under the window. They had lost their prisoner, but they found his helmet, and the fatal name of Imre was inscribed on it. Already they were on their way to avenge themselves by the destruction of the castle. The Decurio was brave and chivalrous. He bade his captive fly to protect his home from the invaders. Imre arrived to find his father's castle burnt to ashes, his kindred slain. Only one had escaped,—Jaliska, the betrothed of Imre, was under the protection of Numa. He had saved her for her lover. The two met in the house of their common enemy, and he sent them home in safety. The sequel must be read in Jokai's own words:—

"The moon had risen high in the heavens, when the Decurio was roused from his sleep by heavy footsteps, and five or six Wallachians, among whom was Lupuj, stood before him."

"We have brought two enemies' heads," said the latter, with a dark look at the Decurio; "pay us their worth!" and, taking two heads from his pouch, he laid them on Numa's mat."

"The Wallachians watched their leader's countenance with sharp, suspicious glances."

"Numa recognised the two heads by the light of the moon. They were those of Imre and Jaliska, but his features did not betray the slightest emotion."

"You will know them, probably," continued Lupuj. "The young magnate, who escaped us at the pass, came for the girl in your absence, and at the same time stole your money, and, what is more, we found your pastures upon him also."

"Who killed them?" asked the Decurio, in his usual calm voice."

"None of us," replied the Wallachian; "as we rushed upon them, the young magnate drew two pistols from his girdle, and shot the girl through the head first, and himself afterwards."

"Were you all there?"

"And more of us besides."

"Go back and bring the rest. I will divide the money you have found on them among you. Make haste; and should one of you remain behind, his share will be divided among the rest."

"The Wallachians hastened to seek their comrades with cries of joy."

"The Decurio then locked the door, and, throwing himself upon the ground beside the two heads, he kissed them an hundred times, and sobbed like a child."

"I warned you not to go towards Hungary!" he said, bitterly. "Why did you not hear me, unhappy children? why did you not take my word?" and he wept over his enemies' heads as if he had been their father."

"He then rose, his eyes darting fire, and, shaking his terrible fist, he cried, in a voice hoarse with rage, 'Crime mintye!'"

"In a few hours the Wallachians had assembled before the Decurio's house. They were about fifty or sixty, all wild, fearful-looking men."

"Numa covered the two heads with a cloth, and laid them on the bed, after which he opened the door."

"Lupuj entered last."

"Lock the door," said Numa, when they were all in; "we must not be interrupted; and making them stand in a circle, he looked round at them all, one by one."

"Are you all here?" he asked at last."

"Not one is absent."

"Do you consider yourselves all equally deserving of sharing the booty?"

"All of us."

"It was you," he continued, turning to Lupuj; "who struck down the old man?"

"It was."

"And you who pierced the magnate with a spike?"

"You are right, leader."

"And you really killed all the women in the castle?" turning to a third."

"With my own hand."

"And one and all of you can boast of having massacred, and plundered, and set on fire?"

"All! all!" they cried, striking their breasts."

"Do not lie before Heaven. See! your wives are listening at the window to what you say, and will betray you if you do not speak the truth."

"We speak truth!"

"It is well!" said the leader, as he calmly approached the bed; and, seating himself on it, uncovered the two heads and placed them on his knees. "Where did you put their bodies?" he asked."

"We cut them in pieces, and strewed them on the high-road."

"There was a short silence. Numa's breathing became more and more oppressed, and his large chest heaved convulsively. 'Have you prayed yet?' he asked, in an altered voice."

"Not yet, leader. What should we pray for?" said Lupuj."

"Fall down on your knees and pray, for this is the last morning which will dawn on any of you again."

"Are you in your senses, leader? What are you going to do?"

"I am going to purge the Roumain nation of a set of ruthless murderers and brigands. Miserable wretches! instead of glory, you have brought dishonour and disgrace upon our arms wherever you have appeared. While the brave fought on the field of battle, you slaughtered their wives and children; while they risked their lives before the cannon's mouth, you attacked the houses of the sleepers, and robbed and massacred the helpless and the innocent. Fall down on your knees and pray for your souls, for the angel of death stands over you, to blot out your memory from among the Roumain people!"

"The last words were pronounced in a fearful tone. Numa was no longer the cold, unmoved statue he had hitherto appeared; he was like a fiery genius of wrath, whose very breath was destruction."

"The Wallachians fell upon their knees in silent awe, while the women, who had been standing outside, rushed shrieking down the rocks."

"The Decurio drew a pistol from his breast, and approached the eek of gunpowder."

"With a fearful howl they rushed upon him—the shriek of despair was heard for an instant, then a terrible explosion, which caused the rocks to tremble, while the flame rose with a momentary flash amidst the clouds of smoke and dust, searing the beasts of the forest, and scattering stones and beams, and hundreds of dismembered limbs, far through the valley, and over the houses of the terrified inhabitants."

"When the smoke had dissipated, a heap of ruins stood in the place of Numa's dwelling."

"The sun arose and smiled upon the earth, which was strewn with the last leaves of autumn, but where were those who had assembled at the spring time of the year?"

"The evening breeze whispered mournfully through the ruined walls, and strewed the faded leaves upon eleven grassy mounds!"

"The pen trembles in my hand—my heart sickens at the recital of such misery."

"Would that I could believe it an imagination—the ghastly horror of a fevered brain!"

"Would that I could bid my gentle readers check the falling tears, or tell them 'Start not with horror, it is but romance—the creation of some fearful dream—let us awake, and see it no more!'"

MEMOIRES D'UN SEIGNEUR RUSSE.

Mémoires d'un Seigneur Russe. Hachette and Co., Paris.

SOME little time since, in noticing a translated specimen of Russian fiction, we gave an unfavourable report of the stories comprised in the publication then under review, because they appeared to us to have no genuine nationality of character to recommend them to the attention of the English reader. On this occasion we have a pleasanter duty to perform, and a different verdict to record. The book which we now introduce to the notice of our readers has the first great merit—whatever may be its faults in other respects—of being characteristically national, and of presenting to us some very remarkable pictures of Russian life. We are informed by the French translator (M. Ernest Charrière) that the work to which we allude is the production of M. Ivan Tourghenief, and that the greater part of it originally appeared in the pages of a Russian periodical. The plan of the book is not much better indicated by its original title—*A Sportsman's Journal*—than by the title wisely substituted by the translator, which stands at the head of this article. The "Sportsman" is presented in the character of a Russian nobleman, who undertakes various expeditions in the interior of Russia in pursuit of game—encounters in the course of his wanderings some of the aristocrats of the land—sees how their various dependents are treated—is familiarised with the condition of the serfs, or peasant population—and writes down the result of his observations in a series of chapters, which treat, not of sporting matters, but exclusively of the relations at present subsisting between the governing and the governed classes of the Russian population. A very remarkable fact which must always be remembered in connexion with this book is, that its publication was permitted by the Imperial censorship. Whatever defects may attach to it as a picture of social life in the interior of Russia, may, therefore, fairly be presumed to be defects of suppression, and not of exaggeration. When we discover that the shocking narrative of cruelty and corruption among the higher classes, and of ignorance, misery, and degradation among the lower, which, in various forms, is presented throughout the pages now open before us, has been actually permitted to get into print by the despotic Russian government, we need require no further proof of the almost incredible insensibility of that government to the sufferings of those who live—or, to speak more correctly, who languish and die—under it. Here is a record of social crimes which has appeared to have nothing criminating in it to the Russian authorities—nothing which can en-

danger their title to govern in their own country—nothing which can convict their aristocracy out of their own mouths of permitting the exercise of the most infamous oppression and cruelty towards those who are placed under them. If we want to have the simplest and most incontrovertible evidence of the insensibility of Russian society to its own corruption and barbarism, the permitted publication of this one book in Russia would be amply sufficient to afford it.

In order that there may be no suspicion that we are exaggerating the nature of the disclosures contained in the volume now under our notice, we will not offer here any abstract of its contents, couched in our own language, but will offer to our readers, instead, one extract from the book, translated from the pages before us. In order to insure the full understanding of the scene which we are about to present, it may be necessary to premise, that the "Seigneur Russe" writes in the autobiographical form. He is supposed to be out on one of his sporting expeditions, when he beholds the scene which we are about to extract. Having spent the night at the house of a great Russian landholder, named Arcadi Pavlytch, he goes out the next morning with his host, with his host's submissive and highly-favoured Bailiff, "Sophron," and with two of Sophron's underlings, to view the property, and to make his own observations upon the condition of the serfs who cultivate it. The scene then proceeds in the following manner:—

"On our return to the village, the bailiff took us to see a Winnowing Mill recently brought from Moscow. This Mill was set at work with great facility under our notice. However, if Sophron could have foreseen the unpleasant exposure which awaited him and his master at this spot, he would certainly have deprived us of a sight of the winnowing mill.

"This is what took place when we left the shed in which the machine was placed. A few paces from the door, near a pool in which some ducks were enjoying themselves, stood two peasants—one an old man of seventy, the other, a lad of twenty—both clothed in patchwork shirts, with ropes for girdles, and having their feet naked. . . . Arcadi Pavlytch knelt his brows, his lip, and walked straight up to them. The two peasants threw themselves at his feet.

"What do you want? Speak!" said he, in a severe voice.

"The poor people exchanged glances, and could not utter a word. Their eyelids quivered, as if their sight were dazzled; and their breathing quickened.

"Well, what is it?" continued Arcadi, turning towards Sophron. "What family are they?"

"The Tobolef family," replied the bailiff, composedly.

"What do you want? Have you lost your tongues? Speak, you who are the oldest of the two," continued Arcadi, turning towards the aged peasant. "Don't be afraid, you fool!"

"The old man bent forward his bronzed and wrinkled neck; his thick, bluish lips parted, and he began, in a tremulous voice:—Help us, my lord!"

"He dropped on his knees, and laid his forehead on the earth. The young man imitated him. Arcadi looked down on them, and repeated:—What do you want? What have you got to complain of?"

"Pity us, my lord! give us time to breathe! We are so hardly treated; we—"

"Who treats you hardly?"

"Sophron, the Bailiff."

"Your names?" said Arcadi, after a moment's silence.

"Anthippe, my lord; and this is my son!"

"Well! go on! Why don't you say how Sophron has treated you hardly?" continued Arcadi, twirling his monstachio.

"My lord," answered the old man, "he has utterly despoiled and ruined us. He has taken away, against all rule, two of my sons for the army, and now he is going to deprive me of my third. Only yesterday he took my last cow from me; and his son has beaten my wife. Oh, my lord, don't let us be entirely crushed down by him!"

"Arcadi looked embarrassed. He asked the bailiff, with a discontented air, what he had to say to these allegations.

"The man is a drunkard, sir," replied the bailiff, with assurance; "a drunkard and a skulker. He does no work, and he has not paid up his arrears of rent for the last five years."

"Sophron has taken the payment on himself, my lord," said the old man; "and in consequence he keeps me in pawn for it. I am his slave, his—"

"That does not inform me where the arrears of rent are to come from," said Arcadi, sharply. (The old man's head dropped.) "You've taken to drinking and hanging about the public-houses, have you?" (The old man opened his mouth to explain.) "I know you!" interrupted Arcadi; "you will drink and snore by the fireside all day long; and the industrious peasant has to make amends for your idleness—"

"And, what's more, he is as brutally-behaved a fellow as ever lived," added the bailiff—paying no attention to his own behaviour in interrupting his master.

"Brutal, of course," pursued Arcadi. "I have always observed it. Fellows who drink and skulk all the year round are invariably foremost in making complaints."

"For God's sake, sir," cried the old man in tones of the bitterest despair, "grant us some help! I swear to you that our very means of living have been taken away from us. Your bailiff here has got some grudge against me—I can't tell what. He has persecuted, crushed me down, ruined me! Look at this last son left to me, and for God's sake help us!"

"We are not the only poor people whom he has ruined," added the younger peasant. "Arcadi fired up at hearing these words from the poor lad who had been silent until this moment.

"Who asked you anything?" he said. "How dare you speak when you are not spoken to? What do you mean by it? Hold your tongue! hold your tongue directly!—Damme! if I don't think you're trying to get up a rebellion among you! I'll teach you to mutter and grumble here! I'll—"

"Arcadi stopped speaking and advanced a step or two threateningly—then controlled himself suddenly, apparently remembering that I was present all this time, in the position of one of his guests. He crammed his hands into his pockets, and turning away said to me in French, 'I ought to apologise for all this botheration, my dear fellow. However, it is only the bad side of the picture which has accidentally turned uppermost just now!' He then continued in Russian, addressing the two peasants, but not looking at them:—'There! that will do. I shall settle this business as I think right. Be off with you! (The peasants did not move.) 'Did you hear me say that I should do as I pleased about this?—Come! Be off, both of you?'

"He turned his back on them, muttering 'Nothing but botheration with these people!'—then walked away, followed by the bailiff. . . . The peasants, after a moment or two of bewilderment, turned off towards their hut, without once looking back after their lord and master. Two hours later, I departed for Reabof; and there, taking for my attendant a peasant whom I knew, named Anpadiste, I made up my mind to enjoy a good day's sporting at last. . . .

"While we were on the road, I inquired if my companion knew anything of Arcadi's bailiff, Sophron.

"Know him?" answered my attendant. "I know him only too well! He manages his master's estate as he pleases, and treats the peasants on it just as he likes. He has contrived to make them run in debt to him. He holds them all at his own disposal—makes them work as he likes—grinds them down just as he pleases."

"Why don't the peasants expose his villany to their lord?" I asked.

"As long as their lord gets his rents paid punctually, he cares for nothing else. If they did complain to him he would only tell them to hold their tongues, or they would get the worst of it, just as others have got the worst of it before them."

"Hearing this, I mentioned the scene which I had witnessed early that morning.

"There is no hope for the old man," said Anpadiste; "Sophron has determined to ruin him. Five or six years ago they disagreed about some trifle, and had a few words together before some of the other serfs. The bailiff remembered those words, and has been making the old man suffer for them ever since. Sophron knows his helplessness, and has taken

advantage of it. He began by persecuting the poor wretch about money—he will end by breaking his heart. His two eldest sons have been sent to the army, out of their turn—but I suppose they told you all about this morning."

"We said no more, but loaded our guns, and looked out for game."

Such is one passage in this painful and striking book, taken from it almost at random. We have abridged, or left out, certain redundancies in which the author is far too prone to indulge, but have not exaggerated a single word in making the translation presented above. There are other scenes in the volume which are not painted in such dark colours. Sometimes the saddest portion of these revelations are dismissed briefly—sometimes they are treated with a grim irony in which the author excels. Occasionally the whimsical and grotesque aspects of the tyranny of the upper classes, and the dogged endurance of the lower, are presented by way of variety. We have one chapter about a prudish old maid mistress, who forbids her serfs to marry on principle; and another chapter about a female autocrat on a small scale, who promulgates all her orders in the form of *ukases*, and gets cheated systematically by the bailiff, secretaries, and other privileged "middle men" who are placed officially midway between the lady and the lady's serfs. Now and then the exceptional cases in which the peasant is blessed with a moderate master, and contrives to enjoy some little independence and happiness by his own fireside, are stated with perfect candour and fairness. But, however the treatment may vary, the subject matter remains throughout virtually always the same. Oppression on the part of the rich, and suffering on the part of the poor, make up the staple commodity—variously enough presented to the reader—which fills the four hundred closely-printed pages of this book. People who choose to look at it critically may find it clumsily constructed, and, in many places, tediously written. People who can make allowances for literary defects, and who are anxious before all things to get at trustworthy evidence on the subject of the social secrets of Russian life, will find such evidence in these pages, and will, we believe, rise from the perusal of them with as just an estimate as strangers, under present circumstances, can well hope to form from books only, of the misgoverned empire and the miserable people with whom we are now at war. We wish we could add, in conclusion, that an English translation of these *Mémoires d'un Seigneur Russe* would be obtained by any of our readers who may not be accustomed to the French language. But, so far as we know, while some very wretched Russian writing has been rendered into English, this really sterling, useful, and remarkable book, has not hitherto met with a translator in our country.

A BATCH OF BOOKS.*

DURING the course of last session, whenever Ministers found themselves in an otherwise inextricable difficulty, they were ready with one excuse which covered a multitude of sins and shortcomings. We are precisely in the same position. Week after week, we have lived in hope that the morrow would usher into the field a host of writers, young and old. Alas! we have hoped in vain. We have no novelties to announce, and we are driven to conclude that our authors have been seized with a machomania, and are gone to fight their country's battles. And why not, indeed? Did not *Æschylus* fight at Salamis; did not *Tyrtæus* incite his countrymen to daring deeds; have not bishops led forth many an English host? Meanwhile, critics are in a mournful case. Our pens are idle, our brains grow rusty, and we dare not leave our desks, lest during our absence some wretched literary hack should steal a march upon us. However, we must make the best of what we have got.

We give precedence to *The Pride of Life*, by Lady Scott. This is a novel, in two volumes, neither very good nor very bad, but quite readable. The style, moreover, is graceful, and the descriptions of life and manners are such as you may expect from a lady mixing in society, not unobservant, and yet possessed of no peculiar powers of insight or heart knowledge. The point of the story is the marriage of Mordaunt Evelyn—eldest and only son of Mr. Evelyn, of Heron Court—with Saverell Anne Muggridge. In the earlier part of the story, this young lady appears as the daughter of Mr. Muggridge, a clerk in an insurance office, but mysteriously and remotely connected with the noble family of Kavanagh. Mordaunt had met Saverell on board a Rhine steamer, discovered her afterwards in the Dulwich Gallery, and finally married her, thereby creating no small amount of consternation in his own circle. Only think of "the daughter of a lodging-house-keeper becoming mistress of Heron Court." Be that as it may, Saverell Evelyn was a success, and, in the course of events, it came to pass that the Evelyns found themselves ruined, and were compelled to leave Heron Court, to be reinstated, however, in their possessions by Saverell, who turns out to be not the daughter of Mr. Muggridge, but heiress to the estates of Kavanagh. Mordaunt, however, does not live to enjoy his restoration to wealth. He dies at the moment that fortune had begun to smile upon him, and Saverell, after five years of widowhood, becomes the wife of Mordaunt's dearest friend, Lord Arlington. Such is the story of the *Pride of Life*. It will amuse and interest the reader for a few hours, and will share the usual fate of a novel of the season.

To make an honest confession, we have been baffled in every effort to get through *Sabina*. Perhaps the subject is not attractive—it is called "a tale of Sicilian Life in the Thirteenth Century." But we know that the style is wearisome, bombastic, and offensive in the extreme. Is *Sabina* intended for a parody? Here and there it reads like a far-off imitation of a gentleman who is known as one of our most popular novelists.

Tales and Lays for Sunshine and Shade is a collection of "pieces in Prose

* *The Pride of Life*. By Lady Scott. Routledge. *Sabina, a Sicilian Tale of the Thirteenth Century*. By John Brampton Philpot. Saunders and Otley. *Aquas Monachorum. A Satire for the Times*. By C. Hancock, Esq. Saunders and Otley. *Tales and Lays*. By J. A. Langford. Hughes. *The Last Days of Diserth*. A Poem. By W. G. Starbuck. Saunders and Otley. *The Third Napoleon*. An Ode. By Robert Story. Hearne. *Dogs; their Management*. By Edward Mayhew. Routledge. *Fish and Fishing in the Loos Glens of Scotland*. By Dr. Knox. Routledge. *Sporting*. By R. Blaker. Routledge. *Famous Persons and Famous Places*. By N. P. Willis. Ward and Lock. *Lingard's History of England*. Dolman. *Gibbon's Roman Empire*. Edited by Dr. Smith. Murray. *Pope's Works*. By Dr. Croley. Adam Scott. *Adieu au Monde. Mémoires de Celeste Mogador*. Paris: Locard-Davi et De Vresse. *History of Russia from the Foundation of the Empire by Rourik to the close of the Hungarian War*. By Alphonse Babbe and Jonathan Duncan, B.A. 2 vols. Ingram and Co.

and Verse," of which many have already appeared in the *Nonconformist* and other periodicals. Mr. Langford is not ambitious. He does not, so far as we can judge from his own words, lay claim to the rank of Poet, for he tells us, in a short and modest preface, "it is hoped that in the present volume the reader will find pleasant matter for an hour's reading in Sunshine or in Shade." Some of the "Lays" are pretty enough, but we cannot help telling Mr. Langford, that to talk of men "walking in the sublime" may be very necessary for the purposes of versification, but that, as a phrase, it has no meaning whatever. In the second stanza of the same lay there is an obvious deficiency in ear. It is quite painful to read lines like these:—

"All things that worth the winning are,
Are won by toil alone."

In short, the first lay, "*Laborare est orare*," is nearly the worst in the set, and we strongly advise Mr. Langford to cut it out altogether; or, at least, to place it in a less conspicuous position.

The *Last Days of Diserth* is a poem, in six cantos, and is an attempt to reawaken an interest in the old British legends, and in the history of Wales before it became a conquered country. How a Welsh bard fares in these bad days may be learned from the following description, extracted from the *Chester Courant*. For 80 years Jolo Fardd Glas had been one of the most laborious writers and distinguished bards of his day. He had won prizes at the yearly festivals, and, on one occasion, another gained a prize for a poem written by Jolo Fardd Glas in a workhouse. "It was two miles from the degrading scene of the deathbed, that to the place where the bard was to take his final rest; and there he was taken in a cart, much like a malefactor taken to the gallows; and in Caety Churchyard, among the paupers of Pen-y-Bont Workhouse, lies the once celebrated Jolo Fardd Glas." And yet the bards to whom this pauper traced his descent, whose name he inherited, were the soul of Welsh nationality. In these stirring days, when events crowd thick and fast, so that hours are as years, we lose our interest in the past. The author of *Diserth* has made a praiseworthy and, we hope, a successful attempt to remind us that Wales was once a country.

The *Third Napoleon* is an ode addressed to Alfred Tennyson, and in which Robert Story recommends the poet Laureate to "deal no more in fiction," to spend no more time on "myths" and inventions of the brain, but to take for his text the real and the present. He even condescends to sketch the plan of a poem which will cover Alfred Tennyson with immortal laurels. The subject is to be Napoleon the Third. Here is a specimen of Mr. Robert Story's muse:—

"Sing him to a prison taken,
And when fear his life would claim,
Lo! his captor—awed and shaken
By the spell-word of his name—
Spares it—the damnation dreading
Which would follow his blood-shedding."

Our readers will thank us for declining to quote any of the "Songs of the War" which occupy the rest of the volume.

Next on our list are three books on Sporting. Mr. Mayhew, who writes about the management of dogs, is a veterinary surgeon, and lays before the public the result of several years' experience. He hopes to induce a more careful study of pathology, a subject which, he tells us, is "at present not properly taught, nor rightly understood by those who profess to alleviate canine afflictions." The book is purely scientific.

In a shilling volume, published by Routledge, Mr. Blakey gives us some practical directions about shooting, which we strongly recommend to the reckless young sportsmen who are as dangerous to their neighbours as to the birds, and to the ignorant ones who wish to learn something of their art.

Fish and Fishing in the Lone Glens of Scotland explains itself, and is what it pretends to be—an account of the salmon streams in the north, written in an unaffected Guide-book style.

Of *Famous Persons and Famous Places*, by N. P. Willis, a portion has already appeared in *Pencilings by the Way*; the rest is of the same character, very clever, very picturesque, very amusing, but full of what we can only describe as "snobisms." In the eyes of the democratic Willis, a noble lord is the most perfect of human beings, and he loses no opportunity of telling us how the aristocracy of England acknowledged, in his person, the dignity of the Republic. It is a noble lord who introduces him to Professor Wilson; as he sits at dinner, he looks round upon the aristocratic company at table, and "thinks he never saw heaven's image double stamped as man, and noble so unequivocally clear." Lord Aberdeen is an especial favourite.

"Lord Aberdeen has the name of being the proudest and coldest aristocrat of England. It is amusing to see the person who bears such a character. He is of the middle height, rather clumsily made, with an address more of sober dignity than of pride or reserve. With a black coat much worn, and always too large for him, a pair of coarse check trousers very ill made, a waistcoat buttoned up to his throat, and a cravat of the most primitive *negligé*, his aristocracy is certainly not in his dress. His manners are of absolute simplicity, amounting almost to want of style. He crosses his hands behind him, and balances on his heels; in conversation his voice is low and cold, and he seldom smiles. Yet there is a certain benignity in his countenance, and an indefinable superiority and high breeding in his simple address, that would betray his rank after a few minutes' conversation to any shrewd observer. It is only in his manner towards the ladies of the party that he would be immediately distinguishable from men of lower rank in society."

This palpable weakness, however, by no means diminishes the charm of the book. It is not offensive. We know that we shall come across it, often and often, as soon as we have read through the first half-dozen pages, and so we make up our mind to bear our fate. The next extract must conclude our notice of the book. It is three o'clock in Regent-street.

"Look at these equipages and their appointments! Mark the exquisite balance of that elegant-bodied chariot upon its springs—the fine sway of its sumptuous hamper in which the unsmiling coachman sits buried to the middle—the exact fit of the saddles, setting into the curves of the horses' backs so as not to break, to the most careless eye, the fine lines which exhibit action and grace! See how they stand together—alert, fiery, yet obedient to the weight of a silken thread; and as the coachman sees you studying his turn-out, observe the unperceptible feel of the reins and the just-visible motion of his lips, conveying to the quick ears of his horses the premonitory, and, to us, inaudible sound, to which, without drawing a hair's breadth upon the traces, they paw their fine hoofs, and expand their nostrils impatiently! Come nearer, and find a speck or a raised hair, if you can, on these glossy coats! Observe the nice fitness of the dead black harness, the modest crest upon the panel, the delicate picking out of white in the wheels, and, if you would venture upon a freedom in manners, look in through the window of rose-tinted glass, and see the splendid cushions and

the costly and splendid adaptation of the interior. The twin-mated footmen fly to the carriage-door, and the pomatumed clerk who has enjoyed a *tête-à-tête* for which a Prince Royal might sigh, and an ambassador might negotiate in vain, hands in his parcel. The small foot presses on the carpeted step, the airy vehicle yields lightly and recovers from the slight weight of the descending form, the coachman inclines his ear for the half-suppressed order from the footman, and off whirrs the admirable structure, compact, true, steady, but magically free and fast—as if horses, footmen, and chariot were but the parts of some complicated centaur—some swift moving monster upon legs and wheels.

"Walk on a little further to the Quadrant. Here commences the most thronged promenade in London. These crescent colonnades are the haunt of foreigners on the look-out for amusement, and of strangers in the metropolis generally. You will seldom find a town-bred man there, for he prefers haunting his clubs; or, if he is not a member of them, he avoids lounging much in the Quadrant, lest he should appear to have no other resort. You will observe a town dandy getting fidgety after his second turn in the Quadrant, while you will meet the same Frenchman there from noon till dusk, bounding his walk by those columns as if they were the bars of a cage. The western side towards Piccadilly is the thoroughfare of the honest passer-by; but under the long portico opposite you will meet vice in every degree, and perhaps more beauty than on any other *pave* in the world. It is given up to the vicious and their followers by general consent. To frequent it, or to be seen loitering there at all, is to make but one impression on the minds of those who may observe you.

"The two sides of Regent-street continue to partake of this distinction to the end. Go up on the left, and you meet the sober citizen perambulating with his wife, the lady followed by her footman, the grave and the respectable of all classes. Go up on the other, and in colour and mein it is the difference between a grass-walk and a bed of tulips. What proof is here that beauty is dangerous to its possessor! It is said commonly of Regent-street, that it shows more beauty in an hour, than could be found in all the capitals of the continent. It is the beauty, however, of brilliant health—of complexion and freshness, more than of sentiment or classic correctness. The English features, at least in the middle and lower ranks, are seldom good, though the round cheek, the sparkling lip, the soft blue eyes, and hair of dark auburn, common as health and youth, produce the effect of high and almost universal beauty on the eye of the stranger. The rarest thing in these classes is a finely-turned limb, and to the clumsiness of their feet and ankles must be attributed the want of grace usually remarked in their movements.

"Regent-street has appeared to me the greatest and most oppressive solitude in the world. In a crowd of business men, or in the thronged and mixed gardens of the continent, the pre-occupation of others is less attractive, or at least more within our reach, if we would share in it. Here it is wealth beyond competition, exclusiveness and indifference perfectly unapproachable. In the cold and stern mein of the practised Londoner, it is difficult for a stranger not to read distrust, and very difficult for a depressed mind not to feel a marked repulsion. There is no solitude after all like the solitude of cities.

"O dear, dear London! (says the companion of Asmodeus on his return from France) 'dear even in October! Regent-street, I salute you! Bond-street, my good fellow, how are you? And you, oh, beloved Oxford-street, whom the opium-eater called 'stone-hearted,' and whom I, eating no opium, and speaking as I find, shall ever consider the most kindly and maternal of all streets—the street of the middle classes—busy without uproar, wealthy without ostentation. Ah, the pretty ankles that trip along thy pavement! Ah! the odd country-cousin bonnets that peer into thy windows, which are lined with cheap yellow shawls, price one pound four shillings, marked in the corner! Ah! the brisk young lawyers flocking from their quarters at the back of Holborn! Ah! the quiet old ladies living in Duchesse-street, and visiting thee with their eldest daughters in the hope of a bargain! Ah, the bumpkins from Norfolk, just disgorged by the Bull and Mouth—the soldiers—the milliners—the Frenchmen—the swindlers—the porters with four-post beds on their backs, who add the excitement of danger to that of amusement! The various shifting motley, group that belong to Oxford-street, and Oxford-street alone! What thoroughfares equal thee in the variety of human specimens! in the choice of objects, for remark, satire, admiration! Besides, the other streets seem chalked out for a sect—narrow-minded, and devoted to a *coterie*. Thou alone art catholic—all receiving. Regent-street belongs to foreigners, cigars, and ladies in red silk, whose characters are above scandal. Bond-street belongs to dandies and picture-dealers. St. James's-street to club-loungers and young men in the guards, with mustaches properly blackened by the cure of Mr. Delcroix; but thou, Oxford-street, what class can especially claim thee as its own? Thou mockest at oligarchies; thou knowest nothing of select orders! Thou art liberal as air—a chartered libertine; accepting the homage of all, and retaining the stamp of none. And to call thee 'stone-hearted!'—certainly thou art so to beggars—to people who have not the *wherewithal*. But thou wouldst not be so respectable if thou wert not capable of a certain reserve to paupers. Thou art civil enough, in all conscience, to those who have a shilling in their pocket—those who have not, why do they live at all?"

M. Rabbe's neat and lively epitome of Russian history was worthy of a better editor than it has found in Mr. Duncan. That gentleman, in common with many other translators, labours under two rather serious deficiencies: he does not know French, and he cannot write English. In running through these pages so bristled with gallicisms, one thinks at each line to hear speak M. de Florac. For instance, Mr. Duncan tells us (vol. i. p. 203) that "the effrontery of the lovers mocked at the stupidity of the prince." That is enough we rather think as a specimen of his style. For a sample of his historical and geographical knowledge we need not go beyond the opening paragraph of his first chapter, for which as his preface informs us, he is solely responsible. We have worked hard at the passage with the map before us, but can neither make head nor tail of it. What puzzles us most of all is the strange course taken by the founders of Novogorod, who "advanced to the Volga" for the purpose apparently of building only on Lake Ilmen, not far from the Baltic:—

"The ancient inhabitants of Russia, so far as they can be traced, were descended from two different peoples, the Slavonians and the Finnish. The former settled in the neighbourhood of the Volga and the Dwina; the latter in the vicinity of the Dnieper and the higher banks of the Don. Lithuania and Poland were the principal homes of the Slavonians, only a single branch of them spreading to the Dnieper. The Slavonians of the Danube, having been driven back by the Bulgarians, returned to the north, and located themselves beyond the Dnieper, on which they built Kief. A Slavonian colony advanced to the Volga and founded Novogorod. A century passed away, of which history has preserved no record. These Slavonians at length reappeared, surrounded by Finnish peoples. At that epoch the Russian empire was founded by the Varangians, &c. &c."

The other three English books on our list are republications. Messrs. Dolman produce the two first volumes of *Lingard's History of England*, in a cheap form, and in double column type. The book is too well known to need any recommendation from us, and we hope that it will have the success it deserves. The edition of Pope's works, with a Life written some years ago by Dr. Croly, is a nicely printed and compact little volume. With Murray's edition of *Gibbon* our readers are already acquainted.

Adieu au Monde—Memoires de Céleste Mogador, we reserve for a more extended notice.

PHRENOLOGY, PSYCHOLOGY, AND PNEUMATOLOGY.

Phrenology, Psychology, and Pneumatology. By Introviser. J. Chapman.

This compounding of *ologies* is necessary to fully understanding the problem of training the whole being. Introviser, the authoress, produces an agreeable text-book. The phrenological definitions are improved.

A RUSSIAN PAMPHLET.*

IV.

(Conclusion.)

[We repeat the caution that throughout these Articles it is the "Inhabitant of Continental Europe" who speaks. We do not report.]

HOWEVER melancholy may be the prospects of the war for Europe, it may be that the moral and political regeneration of the East will be the providential result of the crisis we deplore, and which Russia is accused of having provoked. Russia may claim the double glory of having served as the instrument of the divine decrees, and of having understood the Eastern question better than the statesmen of the West. What the Emperor of Russia treated as an eventuality in 1852, when he invited England to come to an understanding to prevent the disasters which the decline of the Ottoman Empire involved, is an accomplished fact in 1854. Though the principle of the 'integrity and independence' of Turkey is still in vigour, we can scarcely believe in the political vitality of an empire whose capital is surrendered to a formidable fleet—whose provinces are held by an army of occupation—whose populations are abandoned to revolt—whose central government is under the avowed protection of an ambassador, and whose local authorities are under the surveillance of consular agents who impose laws which are incompatible with the supreme law of the preservation and even the existence of the empire.

What did Prince Metternich say in the Austrian note of April 20, 1841, which may be found in the Blue Book? The Porte had spontaneously claimed the good offices of Austria to obtain the guarantee of her existence by reciprocal engagements between the great Powers of Europe. Prince Metternich wrote, "A State which places itself under the guarantee of another State, loses the flower of its independence: submits itself to the will of the protector; for the guarantee, to be efficacious, must include the right of protectorate, and if a single protector is an incumbrance, a collective protectorate is an intolerable burden." Events have marched rapidly since the date of that note, but the surviving expression of 'integrity and independence,' an expression never applied to a State really independent, inspires the Turks (those new adepts in the public law of Europe) with confidence enough to brave the power of Russia.

It was the spectacle of this slow wasting agony of a government at once unprincipled and rash enough to brave France and Russia in succession, that induced the Emperor Nicholas, morally interested in averting the disasters that threatened the East, to make overtures to England. Certain documents of correspondence, intended to be confidential, have been betrayed to publicity as if they exposed ambitious designs of Russia. Any one who reads with sufficient attention the reports addressed by the English Minister after various conversations he had with the Emperor, or with the Russian Chancellor, will recognise on the one side a masculine frankness of conduct in that last effort of a man, who having convictions and the courage to avow them, spurs those reticences and circumlocutions which are the resort of diplomacy; and whose very language inspires confidence by its unaccustomed familiarity. On the other side will be observed a diplomatist who makes a principle of distrust, replying by generalities and commonplaces, and employing words only to disguise his thoughts.

In the depths of the 'secret and confidential' (the title bestowed upon these English reports) may be detected a predetermined treachery which the published documents bring to light. In these the English Minister transcribes the words of the Emperor, and interprets their meaning by his own personal suggestions, not forgetting, as a man of shrewdness and experience, to leave himself a door of escape by remarking more than once with graceful candour, that he thinks he has forgotten the precise terms of the conversation. We may suppose that the opposition to any extension of the territory of the Hellenic kingdom, of which we find no trace in the documents emanating from the Russian Chancery, and which is neither consonant with the feelings of the Emperor Nicholas nor with Russian interests, is an instance of 'having forgotten the precise terms,' if it be not an adroit invention of Sir G. H. Seymour, destined to produce its effect in due season. We know that besides the official despatches, written to appear sooner or later in the Blue Books, the English diplomatic agents make frequent use of private correspondence, which often leaves no trace in the Foreign-office. Perhaps it is there that the solution of this ingenious problem may be sought.

No doubt it became England, whose policy it is to prolong the *status quo* of the East, and to isolate Russia, to avow her belief in the vitality of Turkey, and to accuse Russia of seeking to precipitate the fatal *dénouement*. The European press interprets the Emperor's words by the light of the ambassador's 'confidential' transcript, and even ascribes to Russia the design of taking possession of the Principalities and of Bulgaria. To give an air of reality to a phantom, it was necessary to invent a material interest for Russia where she had only a moral and religious interest, the restoration of the East to Christianity, and the suppression of a political anomaly and a permanent menace to the peace of the world. What neither Sir G. H. Seymour's version of the Emperor's words, nor the bolder and less skillful interpretations of the press have yet been able to distort, is the clear and formal declaration of the Emperor Nicholas. I. That he did not mean to seize Constantinople, nor desire any territorial extension, any conquest. II. That he had not accepted the inheritance of projects formed by his ancestors, the Empress Catherine II. This declaration from the mouth of a Sovereign whom not even his enemies can accuse of having broken his word during twenty-eight years of his reign, is of immense significance, and suffices alone to reduce to their proper worth all those calumnious suspicions which have been fabricated out of the despatches of Sir G. Hamilton Seymour.

The commentators on these despatches have abstained from noting a noble and generous thought, which escaped the diplomatist at the end of his despatch of January 22, 1853. It is this: "It would be a noble triumph for the civilisation of the nineteenth century to succeed in filling up the void which the extension of the Mahometan religion has made in Europe,

and to do this by measures of precaution adopted by the two governments which are chiefly interested in the destinies of Turkey." These are noble words, and they do honour to Sir G. H. Seymour. The diplomatist, we perceive, involuntarily feels the influence of the noble frankness of the Sovereign who honoured him with his confidence. That despatch was written fresh from the Emperor's lips, and the minister forgot for a moment Talleyrand's precept, never to obey first impulses too often good. After ripe reflection, he returns in the following despatch to his phlegmatic denial of any cause for apprehension in the East: at the very moment when the Montenegrine insurrection produced a crisis: when the French ambassador had coolly declared to the Porte, that the French fleet was ready to proceed to the Coast of Syria to settle the Holy Places dispute, after making a demonstration at Tripoli, which encountered the protests of the consuls of England and the United States. This avowal of the English diplomatist has since become a formal and eloquent condemnation of that government, one of the two most deeply interested in the destinies of Turkey, whose loyal and frank co-operation in the policy suggested by the other government would have ensured that glorious triumph to the civilisation of the nineteenth century, and whose systematic malevolence towards its rival has abandoned that civilisation to the hazards of war.

Facts are, after all, the surest interpretation of words. If Russia had dreamed of the conquest of the East for herself instead of the Christian restoration of the East for the sake of her nationalities, Prince Menschikoff would have been escorted by a fleet with 15,000 troops: and instead of sending some time after 30,000 men to occupy the Principalities, as a warning to Turkey and to Europe, a force of from 30,000 to 40,000 men would have crossed the Danube in one month; would have deposed all the Turkish authorities in Roumelia; swept away the feeble garrisons that held the fortresses; and, without encountering any resistance, would have taken Constantinople. At that time there was scarcely a force of 12,000 men scattered over the whole surface of European Turkey, excepting the weak garrison of the capital: the Mussulman populations were not fanaticised, and would have received the Russians with alacrity. As soon as the Russian ambassador reached Constantinople, Europe expected resolute and energetic acts on the part of Russia; and such would have been the surest and most rapid solution of the crisis which only assumed more serious proportions when Russia hesitated and temporised. Even the unanimous voice of the continent might have suggested to Russia the designs she had not, and the means of realising them. More than one plan of campaign was furnished to Russia by the journals. If we are accused of exaggerating the opportunities of Russia for a campaign in Roumelia, or in Asia, in the spring of last year, we have only to refer to the assertions of the English Government itself: notably to the declaration of Lord Aberdeen. We say, then, that facts prove the purely peaceable intentions of Russia in the East—as the first condition of a pacific settlement, she insisted on the emancipation of the Christians. This measure would have gradually but infallibly produced, without shock or violence, the suppression of the Turkish régime which survives the existence of the Ottoman Empire, considered as an independent polity.

To this Christian restoration of the East the Western Powers have preferred the resurrection of the Mussulman body politic: of a Power whose decrease is clearly enough manifested by the efforts of those who take credit for a miracle when they produce some galvanic convulsions in a corpse. They prescribe an heroic remedy for the Ottoman Empire by depriving the Sultan of the principal attribute of sovereignty, the prerogative of making peace, by condemning his people to fight for a dead cause, and to falsify their ancient faith and institutions at the bidding of a civilisation which to them is dissolution. That civilisation has developed new energies of life in a neighbouring state. But that state was Christian, and God committed the destinies of civilisation to Peter I. and not to the Sultan.

Lord Palmerston said in Parliament last year that no nation had made more progress in the last thirty years than Turkey. Christendom has little cause to feel flattered by this compliment. It would have been more exact to say that no nation has more self-denyingly sacrificed herself to Manchester. Take one instance. Thirty years since Damascus and Aleppo possessed more than thirty thousand looms of excellent silk and cotton stuffs. Now there are, perhaps, from a thousand to twelve hundred in those two cities. A former member of finance, Salveti-Pacha, who was governor of Damascus in 1846, struck with the destitution of a city once the most flourishing in the Empire, calculated that Damascus alone had lost about 120,000 francs of net labour profit per day. Any one knows the present state of Turkish finance though the taxes have been tripled during the present reign.

The moral progress of Turkey is represented by that prostration of authority and that consciousness of impotence which are the sure signs of decay. Mussulman fanaticism is said to be extinct because it buries under the ashes of its grandeur its hatred of Christians. Is Lord Stratford, albeit omnipotent in the councils of the Porte, sure that his Turkish porter, a well-paid menial rises when his Lordship passes by, and does that porter, when he addresses the ambassador, employ even the most modest of epithets in the ordinary parlance of true believers?

The social condition of the East may be violently changed; the Ottoman Empire is founded on the essentially exclusive principle of a religious dogma. Even the Christian communities in the East feel the effects of this exclusive principle and show it in their religious hatred. How shall the Turks, whose political and social code, nay, whose country is the Koran, accept the principle of equality and of political union with the *raias*? In what sense can the idea of 'progress' be applied to a people whose religious law prescribes: I. Polygamy; II. Slavery; III. Conversion by force to the law of Mahomet; IV. Contempt for 'infidels,' and, consequently, the inequality of civil and political rights; V. The annual ransom of his life by every subject who professes the law of Islam; VI. Death to every apostate from Islam, and to every man convicted of having spoken ill of the 'Prophet'; VII. The necessity of killing the infants of Royal blood for fear of compromising the succession. This last law is observed more strictly than the law against wine. Sultan Mahmoud, who even died of *delirium tremens*, endeavoured, from his excessive affection for his daughter, married to Halil Pacha, to make an exception to the law which condemns the princes and princesses to die within forty days after birth. The young Sultana was, indeed, allowed

* La Guerre d'Orient. Ses Causes et ses Conséquences. Par Un Habitant de l'Europe Continentale. Bruxelles, 1854.

to live nearly one year, but the scruples of the Ulema were too strong for the tenderness of the grandfather; the infant was strangled in the bath; the unhappy mother died of grief some days after, and the law has been faithfully observed ever since. The father of the present Sultan ascended the throne after strangling his brother, who strangled his uncle. Abdul-Medjid himself observes the law of reclusion with regard to his brother Abdul-Azis, the presumptive heir who must have no children, and whose life is only guaranteed by the minority of the children of the Sultan. *How long has despotic morality ceased to be a condition of national progress?*

Yet the present Sultan is the best man of his administration, as he is the most inoffensive and powerless. Even if his efforts to introduce toleration into his empire were crowned with success, they could only render its fall less disastrous to his people, and to the peace of the world. If we wanted to establish by the testimony of the learned and of travellers our assertion that toleration in Turkey is impossible—that it can be nothing but an official falsehood in the empire of the Koran—and in a state whose Sovereign is, in fact, the Pope of the East, we might compile a volume of citations from the literature of France and Germany.

The most liberal of legislators, the most generous of judges, become implacable in their convictions when they are reduced to found their law and their justice on a creed which they are obliged to renege—not as an emanation of human wisdom, but as a revelation from above.

The Turks, who have finished their education in Europe, return to Constantinople believers neither in Mahomet nor in Christ; accomplished in the vices of the West, and only more refined persecutors and oppressors than their fathers were.

If they have preserved their religion, it is intensified into a fanatical hatred of Christian society, and a sombre apprehension of the fall of the Ottoman Empire. It is the army that has made progress in Turkey; no army has been so much hard fighting. Yet out of a host of Mussulman officers who have studied military science in Europe, and who have risen to high posts in the Sultan's army, not one distinguished name can be cited. The Commander-in-chief is an Austrian renegade. Are these attempts at the reconstruction of a power strong enough to serve as a barrier against Russia, compatible with the existence of the Ottoman supremacy? We reply, that race, whose strength was its fanaticism, is condemned to impotence in renouncing oppression. Will the oppressed races forget their wrongs under the patronage of France and England? Lord Redcliffe told the Porte that it must no longer count upon the permanent assistance of the Great Powers, and that the dominant race must rely on the sympathy of the races. It appears useless to tell a blind man how to walk: he must be led; and led he is, rather roughly.

We have seen how the dominant race has acted upon the councils of the English ambassador. Cruelties and exactions drive the Greek populations to revolt, and then it is "Russian instigation" that has provoked insurrections which are obnoxious to the political action of Russia.

The Ottomans will not accept religious and political equality. They are treacherous by nature, and hereditary oppressors by the law of conquest; but they are not cowards: they will not accept the passive part you offer them. Nor will the oppressed and despised races fraternise with the Turk in the new Arcadia of your creation. But the fact is, religious and moral considerations are out of the question. The Sultan himself is reduced to fiction or pretext, at most a theory. The question is the partition of the East, the Oriental succession, the eventuality of a Latin Empire, the destruction of Russian power in the Black Sea. Constantinople has always been the knot of the Eastern question: its geographical position, its commercial advantages have been enlarged upon by poets and diplomatists. Perhaps man has been forgotten in these exaggerations: the populations to whom God has assigned the fortunate shores of the Bosphorus and the Hellespont have been lost in geographical and commercial considerations. The political destinies of the Greek and Bulgarian, who were lords of those lands before the Turks 'encamped in Europe,' are worth a thought.

As to a Latin Empire, the Oriental races are almost more jealous of the special domination of the West than of the Mussulman persecution; this jealousy is traditional and inveterate. All the efforts of the Latin propagandists among the Greek and slave populations are condemned to sterility.

The diplomatists are not sincere in preaching to the Turks religious and political equality. They know well enough that the moral and political education of the Oriental races is not to be recast by a few notes and firmness. An absurd analogy has compared the emancipation of the Christians in Turkey with the emancipation of the Roman Catholics in Ireland. Not to speak of the difference between England and Turkey, we do not find that the fanaticism of the Irish has gained much by the reform. The Catholic Church in Ireland is still oppressed, while the Anglican Church groans under the burden of its privileges. *There is a certain expiation for every Government which inscribes in its temporal code the anathema of one religious persuasion against another in the form of inequality of civil and political rights and privilege of worship. Woe to the legislator who denies the eternal right of man to liberty of conscience.* Russia, youngest daughter of modern civilisation, has had the inappreciable happiness to proclaim at the moment of her entering into the family of European States, the most complete equality of rights for all forms of worship: even the Mussulmans enjoy that right. The armaments which the Porte has prepared at the dictation of Europe, admitting the evidence of Christians and their public employment, and generally affirming civil equality, are fancy specimens of Turkish style and calligraphy. Equality of rights for all the subjects of the Sultan was solemnly assured by the "Act of Gulhane," bearing date 1839. We have seen its fruits.

We shall not believe in the sincerity of the councils addressed to the Porte until the Turks have been persuaded by gradual concessions to become Christians, and to impose the Greek rite of baptism upon the Sultan, the Ulema, the army, and the owners of the soil. This would only be analogous with the pressure of the West on the Christian empire of Byzantine, and with the attempts in the fifteenth century to impose the Latin dogma upon the Emperor and clergy of Constantinople. This would be to act with frankness and dignity, though we doubt if the Turks would submit to the last extremity of apostacy, which their law

punishes with death. Nor would that apostacy be favourable to the pretensions of the West. Turkey would then become the natural ally of Russia. We recommend to the English ministry the conversion of the Turks; that is, at least, a good idea to put forward; the English people would doubtless pay with rapture a few millions to the prosecution of a war for so noble a cause. The feudal law which expropriated a conquered people is out of date. That exotic civilisation which denationalises peoples is impossible in the East. The Greek preserves his nationality distinct at London as at Marseilles, at Vienna as at Venice. The Greeks, the Bulgarians, the Albanians, the Montenegrins, the Bosnians; those hardy, intelligent, and adventurous races will prolong the struggle against your governmental system as they have against the Ottomans. They will present a perpetual obstacle to all attempts at fusion with the conqueror, to all solutions of the Oriental problem which are adverse to the rights of nationality. But who will have to answer at the supreme tribunal for all the blood to be shed by Christian nations in this war? Not unhappy Turkey; she is *hors de cause*; not Russia, as we have proved by an examination of her interests, and of the continuous and premeditated policy of her rival; not even France, in spite of that personal policy which the national feeling will soon or late condemn. *The whole responsibility of this war must fall upon a few English statesmen—notably upon Lord Redcliffe and Lord Palmerston, who, while they detest each other, have worked cordially together in driving their country to war.*

The English nation has been misled by the excessive instinct of her material interests. The opinion of enlightened and upright men unanimously condemns those statesmen whose names we cite before the bar of posterity. We do not absolve the English nation and the English Government. In less than half a century England has dishonoured five pages of her history: in 1807 by the bombardment of Copenhagen; in 1815 by the barbarous treatment of the *Prometheus of St. Helena*; in 1819 by the sale of the Christian town of Parga with its territory to Ali Pacha, of Janina; in 1839 by the Chinese war; in 1849 by the attack on Greece.

We will not describe the consequences of the intrigues fomented in the principal states of Europe by the English Government. We will equally abstain from penetrating the *sombre mysteries* which are wrought over that immense space between the Himalaya and the tropical sea: *the groans of that slow hecatomb of peoples offered as a holocaust to a company of merchants scarcely reach our ears.* Is not that enormous tragedy expiated by the premature decrepitude and death of the agents of the crime? *Or does the English nation flatter itself that its Sabbath observance, its Bible-reading, and its closing of beer-houses, atone for these huge and heinous sins?* Such a doctrine of 'good works' would be inconsistent with the Protestant creed. Is the English nation content to balance profit and loss with the cold and calculating smile of the counting-house for ever on its lips, careless enough how the profit comes?

We doubt if this war will not prove a bad speculation, if it do not prove a sixth disgrace to English history, and a preface to other wars. Or let us admit the hypothesis that England, repudiating the traditions of the last century, and that political system by which she succeeded in destroying successively the three navies of Holland, Spain and France, in now attacking the isolated navy of Russia has no *arrière pensée* against the navies of France and the United States. Pretexts of war will not be wanting in the New World, nor in the Old. It will be enough to proclaim the integrity of the provinces of a monarchy already in the situation of Turkey and the sovereign rights of some pasteboard king protected by the British flag and disguised in scarlet uniform. We say to France, to the nation as to the Government: ambiguous policy leads to incoherent action. War is sometimes a sad necessity, an inevitable consequence. Such, perhaps, is the present war between England and Russia. Not so the war between France and Russia.

Let France, instead of pursuing the phantom of an Eastern Empire, seek in the Arab race of Asia a finer field of activity than Algeria. Instead of disputing with a few Greek monks the possession of a lamp and a doornail or two at the sanctuaries of Jerusalem, let her avenge her crusading ancestors, and the memory of Louis IX.; *God would accept this task as an expiation of 1793.* "Elect of Universal Suffrage, and most sacred Majesty, abandon the idea of imposing, by the force of arms, the law of a Mussulman minority upon the immense Christian majority of Bosnia, Epirus, and Thrace. If you interfere in the East do not stake French courage against the two indomitable forces, national and religious independence. Be rather the champion of England than of Mahomet. If you dream of an Eastern throne for a member of your family, remember the abdication of Fontainebleau, inscribed among those glorious decrees which erected thrones for your family in Holland, Spain, Naples, and Westphalia."

We have proved the cause of the Emperor of Russia to be just. We doubt not he will persevere in his disinterested course. Providence has assigned to him a *beau rôle*, and he will not swerve from it in pursuit of military conquest. In the East he has to save his church and to avenge the disgrace of the fifteenth century; in the West he has to win the sympathies of nations perverted by demagogues and by England, to justify the opinion of those who have always done justice to his noble and chivalrous nature. In his own dominions he will continue the civilizing work of Peter the Great, and thus complete the political system of Europe. The permanent interests of the continent of Europe are likewise those of Russia. France, royal, republican, or imperial—is, we repeat, the natural ally of Russia. These two States are the two arms of the body politic of the European Continent. In the East they may unite in defence of Christian interests. Their alliance is necessary enough to protect Europe from English insult, and from the deluge of anarchy.

We have seen the Emperor of Russia reply to accusations of tyranny and intolerance, by progressively liberal institutions in his dominions. Europe will bestow on him the same praise as it bestowed upon his brother. We have scarcely spoken of Austria, Prussia, and the other German States. Yet in the present European difficulties it is the German nation that is principally interested. England boasts of having subsidised Germany in the last great war. It may be asked, did England pay a hundredth part of the costs of the war to Germany? Has not German honour been insulted

of late by outrageous allusions, her governments treated as cowards and mercenaries?

We have demonstrated that the source of all the evil lies in the obstinate determination of England to suffer no rival influence in Europe. It is, therefore, under the auspices of Germany, the heart of Europe, whose palpitations are the intellectual and moral life of the whole system, that the alliance of France and Russia should be ratified: as the only guarantee of the peace of the world and of real progress; against conquest and revolution; against the influence of the selfish and aggressive policy abroad of a State beset by dangers at home; against the invasions of a policy which strives to enslave the world to the law of its own personal interests.

[We have endeavoured to ascertain the authorship of this Russian pamphlet, and, we believe, not without success. If our information be correct, the "Inhabitant of Continental Europe" is a gentleman who has 'inhabited' Brussels—since the declaration of war. He had resided in Paris for some time previously, upon a salary of 25,000 francs (1000*l.*) per annum. For this 'consideration' he was engaged to 'refute anti-Russian articles.' Recently there appeared in the Russian journals an editing paragraph: "M. J. T—, employé in the third section of the Imperial Chancery, in consideration of his extremely zealous services, has received the Order of St. Vladimir of the Third Class." It may be proper to state that the "third section of the Imperial Chancery" is the *Secret Police*. M. T— was wont to decorate his visiting cards with an agreeable pleasantry: "Correspondent of the Minister of Public Instruction." "Public Instruction" and "Secret Police" are, it would seem, synonymous in the Russian official vocabulary. A few notes will suffice to illustrate the career of this typical personage. In 1825 he was an officer in Simonovsky's guards: compromised in the insurrection of that year, but happening to be abroad, he wisely abstained from returning home, and simply migrated from Italy into France, where he came out as a publicist bitterly hostile to Czarism. He wrote for some time in the *Courrier Français*, and published occasional brochures: among others a pamphlet against the Imperial ordinance limiting the sojourn of Russian subjects abroad to five years for nobles, and to three years for untitled persons. But, as M. J. T— very sagaciously remarked, it was impossible to live on such slender profits, even eked out by friendly assistance. What was to be done? *Reconciliation with Russia*. He wrote a brochure on Marshal Paskievitch, in which the Marshal was extolled to the skies by the honest enthusiasm of the writer. The Marshal, aided by the pamphleteer's sister, who was in the good graces of Prince Voronsof, procured him the situation of *refuter of anti-Russian articles*, a post formerly occupied by Prince Mesczerski. M. T— was said to have obtained the special privilege of reporting nothing about persons, but we have reason to believe he waived this privilege in more than one instance. In Louis Philippe's reign we find him writing articles in the *Quotidienne*. In a notice of M. Ivan Golovin's *La Russie sous Nicholas I.*, he accused that work of containing nothing but anecdotes. To this the *Corsaire-Satan* replied that at least one anecdote had been omitted, the anecdote of M. T—'s life, and proceeded to give it. No wonder the *Quotidienne* dispensed with the services of M. J. T—. After the insurrection of June 1848, M. T—'s apartments were searched by order of General Lamoricière. In 1849 M. J. T—, wrote in the *Union* in favour of Russia. Denounced by the journal *La République*, he was again dismissed by his legitimist employers. Among his works we may mention a 'refutation' of the Marquis de Custine, a brochure on the campaign in Hungary, and, lastly, the treatise by "an Inhabitant of Continental Europe," which we have laid before our readers as a pungent exposition of Russian policy, and, we may add, a characteristic specimen of Russian veracity.—ED. LEADER.]

HISTORY OF THE BYZANTINE AND GREEK EMPIRES.

History of the Byzantine and Greek Empires. From 1057 to 1453. By George Finlay. Blackwood.

Among the earliest schemes suggested by the Eastern Question was the resuscitation of a Byzantine Empire. The notion was scarcely started when it was received with favour in the most opposite quarters. The writings of the Hebrew prophets were ransacked, and in the obscure language of these ancient records religious zealots found arguments for a crusade against the children of Mahomet. Political enthusiasts and reckless adventurers alike discovered that the Turks were foreigners in Europe, that the sword was their only title to possession, and that they must forthwith be banished to their legitimate dominions in Asia. No efforts were spared to convince us that the Modern Greeks were rapidly advancing in the direction of good government and civilisation. Nothing could be more untrue than to imagine that the Court was the scene of intrigue and faction; the Ministry corrupted, the Government hopelessly disorganised, and the people—as in days gone by—a nation of pirates and robbers. It is needless to write that these dreams have been dissipated. Later events have proved, beyond a doubt, that the King was a secret partisan of the Czar, and that every member of the administration was prepared to break the faith of treaties for the sake of Russian gold.

We have alluded to these circumstances because it is to them that we owe

the series of histories of the Byzantine and Greek Empires, from the pen of Mr. Finlay. Except for the newly-awakened interest in the affairs of Greece, some apology would have been needed for forcing the subject on the attention of the public. The world has so accustomed itself to be content with the brilliant essays of Gibbon, who despatches a batch of emperors in a sentence, that it was scarcely likely that a demand would arise for a more elaborate history. Such, however, is the work now supplied by Mr. Finlay, who makes up for some deficiencies in style and composition by painstaking diligence and accurate research. We doubt whether his book will find acceptance with the general reader; but we can strongly recommend it to all who wish to become acquainted with the minute details of Byzantine History.

We shall not attempt to follow Mr. Finlay through the four centuries embraced by the last volume. It will be enough if, more for the sake of making our readers acquainted with the author than with any critical or historical intentions, we briefly glance at one of the most attractive portions. While other writers on the Crusades have pointed out the causes from which they sprang, and the changes which they produced on the government and civilisation of the West, Mr. Finlay regards mainly their effect on the government of Constantinople and the condition of the Greek Christians. Never was monarch in a more perilous predicament than Alexius I., when the soldiers of the West were gathered in his capital. Our readers may recollect Gibbon's quaint but forcible remark. "In some oriental tale I have read the fable of a shepherd who was ruined by the accomplishment of his own wishes: he had prayed for water: the Ganges was turned into his grounds, and his flocks and cottage were swept away by the inundation. Such was the fortune, or at least the apprehension of Alexius Comnenus." In his zeal for the Sepulchre, rather, perhaps, in fear for his own position, he had solicited assistance from Western Christendom. He had asked for ten thousand soldiers. The fervent piety of those days, the love of arms, and the spirit of enterprise sent forth myriads. The Emperor "was astonished by the approach of so many potent chiefs and fanatic notions." His object was to persuade his allies first to pay him homage, and then to pass from Constantinople. It required all his skill and prudence to prevent hostilities. This is Mr. Finlay's account of his position:—

"The conduct of Alexius towards the Crusaders was certainly deficient both in candour and prudence, but he had a very difficult part to act; and it must be admitted that all his fears and distrust were fully justified by the rapine of the private soldiers, who plundered his subjects, and the insolence of his chiefs, who insulted his authority. The memorable anecdote of the insolence of a petty French chieftain, who has been supposed by Damage to have been a count of Paris, and who rudely seated himself on the imperial throne at a solemn audience, is familiar both to the readers of history and romance. His conduct must have appeared to the Byzantine courtiers an act of high treason deserving death, and it was regarded by the princes of the crusade as an intolerable piece of rudeness and brutality. The Franks and Greeks were at this time in social conditions which rendered it impossible for them to associate together without feelings of mutual contempt. The narrative of Anna Comnena enables us to contrast in a curious manner the experienced ability of the Byzantine court with the idleness and mental inanity of the Western aristocracy. She complains, with great reason, of the presumption, vanity, and loquacity of the chiefs, who, considering themselves entitled by their rank to converse with the emperor, compelled him to sacrifice hour after hour of his valuable time listening to their pretensions and solicitations. Alexius knew that these men were independent chiefs, and he was anxious to avoid giving them offence, for their power so often exceeded their judgment that the neglect of a childish demand or the irritation of an unintentional slight might plunge his empire in a dangerous and bloody war. The personal behaviour of Alexius was more judicious than his political system. He did everything to conciliate the nobles, and his patience, good humour, and liberality, overcame many difficulties, but his health suffered from the fatigue of the interminable audience he gave the leaders amidst the toils of his other occupations. The silly loquacity of men who wasted their days in idle talk and vain boasting made a very unfavourable impression on the Byzantine nobles, whose social intercourse retained much of Roman rigidity, formalised by Oriental ceremony. The chiefs of the crusade also displayed an unseemly eagerness to obtain money and presents from the emperor. Tancred, the flower of Norman chivalry, openly expressed his disgust at the rapacity of his companions. When solicited to do homage to Alexius, which he would fain have avoided, he could not repress his sneers at their venality. Looking one day at the magnificent tent of the emperor, which all were admiring, Tancred exclaimed, 'If Alexius would give me that tent full of money, and as much more as he has given to our princes, I might think of doing him homage.'

We regret that we have not time nor space to devote to a more lengthened account of Mr. Finlay's book. We can sum up our criticism in a few words. It is the most complete and elaborate history of the Byzantine and Greek Empires that has appeared in an English form.

ROBERT OWEN'S ADDRESS TO THE HUMAN RACE.

New Existence of Man upon Earth. Parts i., ii., iii.

Holyoke and Co.

MR. OWEN'S address on his 84th birthday is remarkable for its vigour, being equal to his speeches which agitated the London Tavern audiences of 1817. We need not say it reiterates with the utmost geniality his favourite dogmas.

The *New Existence of Man upon Earth* is, as far as it has proceeded, a very interesting autobiographical work. These Parts contain the earlier documents issued by Mr. Owen to the statesmen of a former generation. No result has come out in the precise way the author intended, but great indirect reforms have been stimulated by these publications, which may yet be consulted as Text Books of associative improvements.

BOOKS ON OUR TABLE.

The Fall of the Crimea. By Captain Spencer.

Routledge.

The Convent and the Manse.

Nelson.

Ida May. By Mary Langdon

Sampson, Lowe, Son, and Co.

Church Furniture and Decoration. By Rev. E. L. Cutts, B.A.

Crockford

Portfolio.

We should do our utmost to encourage the Beautiful, for the Useful encourages itself.—GOTHE.

THE REST OF THE STORY.

August 31, 1854.

I HAVE, most dear Giorgio, just engaged to send Conway over to you, as the best regimen for his present frame of mind. I shall send him before I return myself. His chronic disease is strong upon him just now. I met him this evening, as I was hastening to Harley-street; he was walking up Regent-street, looking as he does, with his slender figure all in black, and his idealized countenance, like some studious yet not altogether reclusive abbot of Rome. He surveyed the numbers that passed him with an air of melancholy indifference; and talked of "solitude in the midst of crowds." The fact is that, disgusted with the shams and hypocries of the world, he has drawn back from "society," or enters it only as a stranger, taking no part in its ways, and not penetrating through the false surface to get at the men and women really there. I rebuked him vigorously for the arrogant common places about "solitude in the midst of crowds," for although he has "seen through" the shams of his own sacred and established craft, he has really the heart as well as the head to be still a labourer in the Eternal Catholic Church. I doubt indeed whether it has not happened in his case, as it so often does in others, that a man in whom the religious instinct is not peculiarly strong, has been led "into the church" by a love of scholarship and reflection.

The acute form of his malady is a certain despairing disgust at the universal "unreality." "But the reality is there, Conway," I said, "if you will only look steadily enough for it." "Oh! no," he cried, "it is all surface." "You prove the weakness of your case," I answered, "by clinging to metaphor. A man who is strong in conviction goes to facts. See how simple the predication of the sublimest poets; listen, if you have the chance, to the simple, the bald statement of fact from lovers." "Ah! yes," he exclaimed, with the bored air of a man who knows all you would say, and wonders that you do not save yourself the trouble of inviting a needless refutation;—"when you get among realities there are realities; but here—HERE!" He waved forth his hands and shrugged his shoulders like a Frenchman—the most misanthropical of mankind.

I laughed.

"Well," he said, as if that argument had some force; "see what is going on now, at this very day—papers reporting the 'movements,' as they call it, of the state, of parties, or of distinguished persons: who would guess at the real life of these people? It comes out sometimes. A man goes to the Baltic, bent on rendering the *Gazette* eloquent; and he leaves behind him, among the rubbish at his lodgings, some broken heart of ware too common to be cared for; an 'injured husband' breaks open his wife's desk, like a cowardly spy, and she is driven into the grave; but there are some things in that desk which constitute the real substance of the case, and they are folded up again and burned; and other injured wives never learn that which is so common to the case of so many. A distinguished person dies of cholera, suddenly, and horrified society sympathizes keenly, as well as deeply, with his bereft relations; but those to whom the bereavement is absolute desolation—their fate only comes out as an amusing scandal, a sort of joke spiced with pathos, and the subject is dismissed with the declaration, 'After all, he was a good fellow.'"

"Perhaps he was, Conway?"

"If he was, why not tell his actions?"

"I don't know of whom your are speaking."

"No, how should you? I am not speaking of one, but many."

He had been oppressed with stories just told to him, of people whom he partly knew—the small talk of "men about town." I doubted whether the tales might not be untrue; but he knew some of the facts himself, and, undoubtedly, the plain facts, without any addition from scandalous gusto, are difficult enough.

Do you remember de Boisguilbert, whom we admired so much for his ingenious intelligence; a splendid fellow—the very beau ideal of an English sailor of the new pattern—one of the mounted marines, as Stanhope calls them, who can ride, talk, and write, as well as hand, reef, and steer. Poor fellow! he is gone—cut off by 'the prevailing epidemic,' as the papers call it. He had just got his appointment, and was counting upon engraving his name at the very top of those to be inscribed on the granite of Cronstadt; and then his lovely wife had to exchange the manner of her farewell. He was to have set out to join his ship that day; he was kept at home two hours longer than he had counted, and was then sent on a longer journey. His two dear children, his lovely wife, his relations bound to him by innumerable quarrelings—which, however, English heralds do not use; his bright career, future as well as past; and above all, his own splendid character—his manly, gay, and handsome person, his bold, kind, and generous heart, his skilful, adroit, finished intellect, made him loved all round, and when one so good and favoured was stricken down, every man naturally felt that he might fall next.

Well, Dutton, who had tried to get a berth in the same ship with de Boisguilbert, but failed, had resolved to see him off at Portsmouth, and indeed to intercept him at —, where he knew, accidentally, that the young captain had resolved to pass the night. At the same inn was a young lady, whom he only saw, and who was described to him as waiting for her husband, also on his way to join—a Mrs. Brown. She was pretty—perhaps a more serious word might be applied to her beauty; at all events she looked serious enough; yet she smiled very sweetly when Dutton opened the gate of the garden before the half rustic inn; for I have observed this of genuine beauty, that it always responds to an act of grace or kindness however slight, and cannot refuse to take pleasure in its like, even in the midst of sadness.

No de Boisguilbert of course that night; nor did Mr. Brown arrive. Next morning, the little society of the little inn was full of surmises; Mrs. Brown, who looked pale and anxious, stopped on her way past Dutton's room, to ask if he knew any reason why orders for embarkation should have been countermanded. The bustling landlord brought in the *Times*, holding out a particular passage as perhaps explaining the delay, and then drawing it back to read it himself. It "regretted to state that another victim had been added to the list of those officers who had fallen under the prevailing epidemic, in Captain de Boisguilbert, so recently appointed to the *Glaucus*."

Before Dutton could seize the paper to look for himself, Mrs. Brown was on the floor, as pale and as lifeless as the "husband" whose death was thus announced to her.

Dutton is a kind-hearted fellow. He brought her to town, and to Conway; and, as usual, that misanthropical sceptic in black cloth did his best to see that the girl's grief should not be aggravated by destitution, that her despair should not lead her into the only "desperate courses" left open to her. He did more. He learned her story, which was common enough and simple enough. She was the daughter, unacknowledged, of some father or mother, she did not know which, who was able to bequeath her some thousands of pounds for her education; but she received only such an education as a very few hundreds might have paid for, and heard no more of her money. You will learn by this that there was nobody to take care of her except herself; and when she became acquainted with a fine, elderly, generous new friend, how should she be able to discriminate between the paternal semblance of the interest shown in her by a distinguished officer old enough to be de Boisguilbert's father, and the real object of the veteran; how weigh all the consequences of yielding to her gratitude when de Boisguilbert, who was really a fine fellow, "rescued" her from the hypocritical solicitudes of the veteran. Yet the veteran will still get his "steps," for he has a few more ladders yet to climb; and when de Boisguilbert's nearest friends came upon the letters from this young lady, they burned them, and hushed up the disgraceful connexion. "In justice to his memory," they consigned his weakness to oblivion,—and her to starvation; if it had not been for the humanity of the reprobate Conway, whom those decorous people will never help to a bishopric.

"Now, why pretend," said Conway, "that de Boisguilbert's life was what his friends recount with pride and satisfaction, and leave out this? It was part of his life. If clever, honourable, and generous men do these things, why stigmatize the action? If the action is unworthy, why pretend that the man who did it was admirable? Either way there is a fraud,—and either way poor Lucy is the victim."

"You smile," he added, "because I am only repeating the very thing I heard you say when I first saw you; but —"

"No," I replied, "I smile because you repeat what everybody says; and everybody joins in the collusion. I smiled at the amount of factitious trouble which men make for themselves by these systems of pretences, and at the universality of the pretence. It is the same, or something like the same, everywhere. For all their outspeaking, they have not escaped it in France; they are fast coming to it in America."

"In America?"

"Aye, at least I guess so; for who can tell the future. But strange accidents are gathering in that wide land between the Pilgrim Fathers and the Mormons."

And it is so. Look at such cases as that of the Somerset family, in one, though not the newest of the western states; a race like some of the patrician families of ancient Rome in its imperial decline, conceiving itself to be above the law. I remember an American traveller who was journeying alone, and who, at the window of a friend in Paris, thinking perhaps of his family at home, in the window of an hotel opposite saw a dashing lady, whose high colour had attracted his notice, for he disliked high colour. He had objected to it in his wife, since it was not given to her, or continued to her, perhaps, by nature; and hence fierce displeasure. The brilliancy, therefore, in the window opposite caught his eye: it was his wife! But she was a Somerset, and claimed to do as she pleased. The husband conceded her the right, for the law of his state enabled him to obtain a divorce. Another person also conceded the right of free-will in a more involuntary and tragic way. He had been tutor in the family of the Somersets, and had subsequently set up a school, at which a youth of the same race was a pupil. The boy committed some fault, was rebuked, and was punished. An elder brother, calling a third to accompany him, procured pistols, went down to the school, failed in making the audacious master submit, and shot the man. The proud Somerset was brought to trial, but family influence procured a virtual acquittal. However, they do things more openly in the Union, as yet, and the Somerset found his native place too hot to hold him. He removed to another state, but a deputation of the inhabitants waited upon him and told him that he could not live there. He again removed; and so, like Cain, he continues his unrest. He contemplates coming to England, it is said; and here, certainly, his wealth is sure to procure him toleration, while his adventures may, for one London season, invest him with more than a Child Harold interest.

In France you are not so sure that you get to the reality. There is often a half penetration, and a conventional acquiescence in half knowledge, something like the English. I have a case fresh in my observation. You see a charming matron, a grandmother, though still not without pretensions. She was once, all the world knows it, admired by a distinguished officer, who has since become very distinguished. He became a widower, she was already a widow; but they were not united. There is "a history," then; and you are told, in explanation, that the officer abstained from offering his hand because her own children, by a husband whom she lost when young, would be injured in their family prospects. The mystery seems to be solved, the well-informed look wise, and nobody wonders at the officer's afterwards marrying a charming lady of repute untouched, whose single life had been a mystery to all the world; so much was she courted. Now, the distinguished officer had admired that charming matron, and royal favour would have enabled him to redress any balance of family interests; but there was a reason below the second surface to which the keen-sighted had reached. Am I telling you a fable? No; I will not answer for all

details—I may mix incidents which were separated in time or place, not rightly distributing the share taken by unimportant persons; but the main facts are simply facts. In the French army there was, at the time of the wedding, an officer younger than the distinguished person who married, and did not marry to the perplexity of Paris. The second officer was of different name; he was in all appearance a stranger to the newly married couple, to whom he was introduced. He was their son.

IMPROVEMENT OF THE PUBLIC HEALTH.

BY AN OBSERVER ABOUT TOWN.

AFTER a time of public sickness there ought to be both public reward and honour voted to medical men, whose bravery, no less than their indefatigable exertions, minister day and night to those in need. We have seen the Priesthood of Literature entertained at the Mansion-house; the Priesthood of the Public Health deserve just now more signal honour. But while not honoured, why are they not aided? Why does not Sir Benjamin Hall use his influence with the Railway Directors to put those Companies on the sanitary service? Every medical officer says to the sick, or to the predisposed, *get fresh air*; yet we have our Railways, that might do more than all our Hospitals to save life, doing comparatively nothing. Cheap Sunday Trains ought to be at this time a part of the public service, and a public duty, as it would be a merciful duty, to provide them. A man who has breathed eight hours' fresh air in the country is armed to resist disease half the week after. Yet we have the North-Western line, the Great Northern line, and other lines doing nothing—indeed, worse than nothing—to promote Sunday travelling; indeed, throwing impediments in the way. There ought to be trains every half hour, as far as other traffic would permit, on every line. If it be lawful to do good on the Sabbath-day, there never was a greater opportunity of doing it than now. If lawful to pull a sheep from a ditch on the Sunday, it is surely lawful to save a working-man's life.

Let any humane man pass a few hours on a Sunday morning in any of our bad districts. Take Shoreditch for instance. Mix among the pale faces that crowd the Shoreditch Railway station on Sunday morning, where as many of the people who have the good sense and a shilling to spare throng in the hope of an excursion. Join the temporary travellers, and watch the terrible dwellings which adjoin the line of railway, for three or four miles out. Your wonder will not be that people die in a sickly season—the wonder will be that they live. Now to empty these dwellings of its inmates, and carry them into the fresh air is simply an act of mercy. No sermon could do so much good—no prayer could be so acceptable an act to a God of Humanity, as such a proceeding. Under such circumstances the Railway whistle would be a morning Psalm to Heaven.

None who mix among the people, but must be aware of the harm done by the newspaper press, in mentioning in so many forms, and with such fatal pertinacity, the epidemic of the season. The hard Greek word introduced into this country, under associations of terror that certainly no longer attach to it, is continually paraded. Long before any danger exists, parish vestries thrust it in every window, making it the precursor of alarm. The Board of Health wisely discontinued their reports. And it would save thousands of lives if we had a despotism of the press, which would for

a season blot out the record of an enemy, who like a bully strikes only those who fear him. In many districts it is indispensable to prohibit all newspapers, daily or weekly. In fact, a negative newspaper on this subject would be a positive favourite. The address of the Emperor of the French to his army in the East, is, for its wise silence and skilful choice of neutral terms, a model no less of sagacity than humanity.

There is a wise Eastern fable (which deserves often to be repeated in this country), of a Dervish who met the Plague coming from Smyrna. In a colloquy which ensued, the Plague affirmed that he was going to kill 3000 persons. Six months later the same parties met again, when the Dervish taxed his informant with falsehood, as he had slain *thirty thousand* instead of *three*. "No," answered the Plague, "I slew 3000 only, it was Fear that slew the other 27,000." This is as true a satire in the north as in the east. It would be well if Sir Richard Mayne instructed the police to break up all groups of sympathisers, and women who assemble round the entrances of our alleys, and propagate danger by tales of sympathy. My own experience in 1832 and 1848, satisfied me that more people in ignorant districts died in consequence of this habit than from the disease itself.

In all cases there are predisposing causes, or neglects, or wilfulness, or folly, when you come to ferret out the truth. The temperate, the cheerful, those who avoid fatigue and excitement, and preserve their health at its highest average, have little to fear. Let every man render his dwelling pure, observe the rules of health, let the railways be made auxiliary on Sundays to the public welfare, and the public press confine itself to good news on this point, and the timid will be reassured and the sick will be saved.

Business in this great city goes on just now like a battle, in which the victory is to the temperate and the indifferent.

The Arts.

PICTURES OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

Pictures of the Crystal Palace, engraved on wood by W. Thomas and H. Harrell, from Photographs, by Philip H. Delamotte, and Original Drawings by G. H. Thomas and other artists.

This is the first part of a serial which promises to be very interesting. The photographic apparatus is called into play for one of its most useful purposes; it gives precision and force to the design, while the artist supplies what the photograph cannot so conveniently give—figures in motion and other accessories which vary the scene. The first part contains four engravings—the Court party as they appeared on the dais at the opening ceremony; a view in the Gardens; the Bronze Fountain, by Monte; and the Greek Court. The whole surface is first printed with a tint, from which the high lights are cut out, leaving the paper white. The outline and shadows are printed afterwards, by a separate block. The effect, therefore, is that of a smart, forcible outline, broadly shaded, and relieved by the high lights. The effect is very agreeable, the portraiture is precise, and the cost surprisingly moderate.

FROM THE LONDON GAZETTE.

Tuesday, September 5.

BANKRUPTS.—WILLIAM PHILLIPS, Minorities, brush-maker—JOHN ABRAHAM RIFFON, Bishopsgate-street—Within and Wellington road, Camberwell, cigar-manufacturer—JAMES WHITTINGER, Finedon, Northamptonshire, builder—FRANCIS BURROW, Redeth, draper—THOMAS GHOUGH, Queen-street, Stepney, licensed victualler—JOHN HAYDON, Barnstable, Devonshire, draper—GEORGE JOHN JENNEY, Barnstable, Devonshire, bookseller—THOMAS LICKLEY, Thirsk, Yorkshire, coal merchant—JAMES STARK, SKIPPERS, Liverpool, coal merchant—JOHN WILCOX, Manchester, coal merchant—JOHN and ROBERT FITTES, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and Gateshead, tea dealers.

SCOTCH SEQUESTRATIONS.—TYNE and CAMPBELL, Glasgow, wool merchants—W. STEWART, Kirkintilloch, Dumbartonshire, farmer—W. GRAY, Glasgow, commission merchant—DEYDALES and WALLACE, Alva, Stirlingshire, manufacturers—W. DICK, Glasgow, commission merchant.

Friday, September 8.

BANKRUPTS.—INDORE BLOOMFIELD, Rodney-buildings, New Kent-road, lithographic engraver—JOHN WILLOX, Broadway, chessmonger—WILLIAM HENRY BOUSFIELD, Roughway, Kent, paper manufacturer—CHARLES DAVIS and JOHN BATES, Kingston-upon-Thames, builders—CHARLES WALDRON, Bilston, clothier—WILLIAM BATHCHELOR, Croydon, Surrey, baker—WILLIAM HOWELL, Goswell-street, parish of St. Luke, Middlesex, licensed victualler—SAMUEL STAMTON, Birmingham, licensed victualler—WILLIAM JOHN NORTWORTH, Sidmouth, baker—THOMAS WIOFALL, Sheffield, knife manufacturer—WILLIAM JONES, Liverpool, shipwright and boat builder—ROBERT WRIGHTSON, Liverpool, metal broker—WILLIAM GRAHAM, Wigton, grocer—HENRY AMOR, Bath, shoemaker and licensed victualler—HENRY KEEFOOT, Bedford, Lancashire, silk manufacturer.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

ROBERTSON.—August 29, at Albion Cottage, Barnsbury-park, the wife of John Robertson, Esq.: a son.
AGNEW.—September 2, at Exton-park, Rutlandshire, the Lady Louisa Agnew: a daughter.
GILBERT.—August 30, at the Mayoralty House, Bodmin, the Hon. Mrs. Gilbert, relict of the late John Davies Gilbert, Esq. of Trevellick, Truro: a son.
HAWKES.—August 29, at Manchester, the wife of Captain Hawkes, Third Light Dragoons: a daughter.
NOEL.—August 30, at 72, Warwick-square, Piccadilly, Mrs. Berkeley Noel: a son and heir.
TEIGNMOUTH.—September 6, at Edinburgh, Lady Teignmouth: a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

CAMPBELL-M'NEILL.—September 1, at St. Paul's Church, Princes-park, Liverpool, Charles Lee, son of John Campbell, Esq., the Grove, Toxteth-park, to Elizabeth, daughter of the Rev. Hugh M'Neile, D.D., Alburgh.
JERRE-PELHAM.—September 5, by special license, at St. George's, Hanover-square, Lieut.-Col. Jebb, C.B., Surveyor-General of Prisons, to Lady Amelia Rose Pelham, sister of the Earl of Chichester.

MORGAN-BRECKROFT.—August 23, at Bebiaston Cheshire, John Steane Morgan, Esq., of Hereford, second son of the late William Hockley Morgan, surgeon, R.N.—to Ellen, youngest daughter of the late John Breckroft, Esq., Her Britannic Majesty's Consul and Governor of Fernando Po.

WATSON-ROSS.—July 1, at Potacumund, Neilgherries, Lewis Wentworth Watson, Col. thirtieth Regt, M. N. I.—to Lucy Caroline, widow of the late Lieut.-Col. John Ross, fifteenth Regt, M. N. I., and a second daughter of Capt. W. Leggatt, Commanding General Depot, Cuddalore, Madras.

DEATHS.

ASHBURNHAM.—September 1st, at Guestling Rectory, near Hastings, in the thirty-fourth year of his age, the Rev. Sir John Ashburnham, Bart., B.D., Chancellor and Prebend of Chichester Cathedral, Rector of Guestling, and Vicar of Pevensey, in the county of Sussex.
BOYNTON.—August 22, at his seat, Burton Agnes, in the county of York, Sir Henry Boynton, Bart., aged seventy-six.

CHOLMELEY.—September 2, at Avening, Gloucestershire, in the forty-seventh year of his age, James Harrison Cholmeley, Esq., late Major Eighth Hussars, second son of the late Sir Montague Cholmeley, Bart. of Easton Hall, Lincolnshire.

COCHRANE.—August 23, at Homburg, John Henry Cochrane, Esq., of the Madras Civil Service.

DENYS.—September 1, Montague Denys, late of the Seventy-seventh Regiment, second son of Sir George Denys, Bart., aged thirty-nine.

POLCH.—August 24, at his residence, at Stockwell, Lieut.-Colonel Polch, eldest son of the late Field-Marshal Polch, of the Royal Spanish Army, Governor of West Florida, Grand Cross of the distinguished Military Order of St. Hermenegildo, and Inspector-General of the Forces of the Island of Cuba.

Commercial Affairs.

MONEY MARKET AND CITY INTELLIGENCE.

Friday Evening, September 8, 1854.

CONSOLS closed to-day at 93, 94 for money, and 93, 94 for account. Exchequer Bills 4, 6 pm. There has been a gradual but slight decline in price of funds since last week of about 1 per cent., but railway shares have reached and maintained better prices. Caledonians have reached 33, buyers: afterwards rather under that price, closing 33, 1/2. Great Westerns, Midlands, and Leeds have also realised better prices. There was a slight decline in the prices this morning, but towards the close of the day quotations were much improved. The settlement of the Turkish 6 per Cent. on the 7th went off easily but at decreased price, being about 51 pm. Contango was demanded for continuation of stock. The following are the leading closing prices:

Caledonians, 60, 61; Eastern, 11, 12; Great Northern, 88, 89; Great Western, 74, 75; Lancashire and Yorkshire, 73, 74; London and Brighton, 103, 107; London and North-Western, 104, 105; London and South-Western, 84, 85; Midlands, 71, 72; Oxford, Worcester, and Wolverhampton, 34, 35; South-Eastern, 67, 68; Waterford and Kilkenny, 44, 45; Waterford and Limerick, 24, 25; Antwerp and Rotterdam, 61, 72; Eastern France, 24, 25; Great Luxembourg, 24, 31; Ditto, Obligations, 3, 34; Great Western Canada shares, 17, 18; Northern France, 34, 34; Paris

and Lyons, 19, 19, 1/2; Paris and Orleans, 4, 5; Paris and Rouen, 37, 39; West Flanders, 31, 34; Western France, 6, 7 pm.; Australian Agricultural, 44, 44; Van Diemen's Land, 12, 13.

CORN MARKET.

The weather during the week has continued most favourable for the harvest, which is now drawing to a conclusion in all the southern and midland counties, and is making rapid progress in all parts of the kingdom. The season of the quality and yield of the new crop continues satisfactory. The supplies of Foreign and English Wheat into London have been very short; and although the amount of business has been small, holders exhibit more firmness. The Barley trade remains unchanged. Most of the Ayrshire Oats are being taken into granaries and buyers have consequently to pay an advance of 1s. to 2s. on Monday's rates.

In the Baltic ports prices are maintained with great firmness in the absence of supplies. From Sweden there is intelligence of a demand for Wheat from the interior, which keeps prices there far above the comparative level of ours. Under these circumstances quotations are weaker. A favourable change has taken place in the weather in Silesia, and notwithstanding the alarm which has been caused by the rains, abundant crops are anticipated in that district, as well as throughout the rest of Germany.

The French markets during the past week have advanced 1 fr. to 4 fr. per hectol., owing to the short supply of the new crop, and the exhaustion of the old stocks. Flour being ready for immediate consumption, brings everywhere relatively higher prices than Wheat. Many of the mills are stopped for want of water.

BRITISH FUNDS FOR THE PAST WEEK.

(CLOSING PRICES.)

	Sat.	Mon.	Tues.	Wed.	Thur.	Frid.
Bank Stock	211	211	210	210	210	210
3 per Cent. Red.	95	95	95	95	95	95
3 per Cent. Con. An.	95	95	95	95	95	95
Consols for Account	95	95	95	95	95	95
3 1/2 per Cent. An.	95	95	95	95	95	95
New 2 1/2 per Cent.						
Long Ans. 1859			4 9-16			
India Stock	225	225				
Ditto Bonds			4 p	7 p	8 p	
Ditto, under £1000						
Ex. Bills, £1000	5 p	6 p	6 p	6 p	6 p	6 p
Ditto, £500	2 p	3 p	6 p	7 p	8 p	
Ditto, Small	2 p	3 p	6 p	7 p	8 p	

FOREIGN FUNDS.

(LAST OFFICIAL QUOTATION DURING THE WEEK ENDING THURSDAY EVENING.)

Brazilian Bonds	1014	Russian Bonds, 5 per	
Buenos Ayres 6 per Cnts.	57	Cents 1822	
Chilian 6 per Cents.		Russian 4 1/2 per Cents.	
Danish 5 per Cents.		Spanish 3 p. Ct. Nov. Dec.	
Ecuador Bonds	31	Spanish Committee Cert.	
Mexican 3 per Cts.	25	of Comp. not fun.	
Mexican 5 per Ct. for		Venezuela 34 per Cents.	
Acc. Sept. 13		Belgian 4 1/2 per Cents.	
Portuguese 4 per Cents.		Dutch 2 1/2 per Cents.	
Portuguese 5 p. Cents.		Dutch 4 per Cent. Certif.	

TURKISH EXHIBITION AND MUSEUM, HYDE PARK CORNER.—Ten Months having been devoted to the most elaborate preparation and careful arrangement for this superb and unique Collection of Models from Life, illustrating the Turkish Nation, "Past and Present," realised by Correct Costume, including every minute detail of Arms, &c., is now completed, and Exhibited at the ST. GEORGE'S GALLERY, HYDE PARK CORNER, PICCADILLY.—OPEN DAILY, from 11 a.m. to 9 p.m., with the exception of Saturday, when it will be closed at 6 p.m.

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The Best Java and the Best West India Coffee 1s. 4d.
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Choice old Mocha	1 6 "
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